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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE COMING OF THE MAY.

THE chestnut boughs are all aglow ;
 The gorse illumines the fells ;
 The hawthorns bend 'neath summer snow ;
 The violets pave the dells ;
 The lilies fling their banners free ;
 Their plumes the cowslips sway ;
 The foam-white daisies star the lea
 At coming of the May.

The skylarks chant their triumph strains
 High in the blue above ;
 The throats join in loud refrains
 In every vale and grove ;
 And blackbirds in a happy mood
 Sing on from dawn to gray,
 And wake the wind-flowers in the wood
 At coming of the May.

A scented wealth of bloom is spread
 On orchard branches old ;
 The long day comes in gold and red,
 And ends in red and gold ;
 The brown bees and the butterflies
 Flit o'er the heather gay ;
 Like jets of flame the marsh flowers rise
 At coming of the May.
 Chambers' Journal. M. ROCK.

PRAYERS.

GOD who created me
 Nimble and light of limb,
 In three elements free,
 To run, to ride, to swim ;
 Not when the sense is dim,
 But now from the heart of joy,
 I would remember him ;
 Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King, and Lord,
 Whose are my foes to fight,
 Gird me with thy sword,
 Swift and sharp and bright.
 Thee would I serve if I might ;
 And conquer if I can,
 From day-dawn till night,
 Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of love and truth,
 Breathing in grosser clay,
 The light and flame of youth,
 Delight of men in the fray,
 Wisdom in strength's decay ;
 From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
 This best gift I pray,
 Take my spirit to thee.

H. C. BEECHING.

ON A ROMAN CAMP.

HERE on this brow the Roman eagle made
 Her eyrie ; hence she watched the wide
 campaign,
 And, taming the rude dwellers on the plain,
 Stablished that power which the world
 obeyed ;

And hence the swart Italian, who had
 strayed
 Far from his home in sunnier Italy,
 Looked down with home-sick eye, and
 wept to see
 Bleak dreary wastes, that knew not axe or
 spade.

That day hath passed for aye ; and whoso
 stands
 Hereon, doth see no more the woods and
 heaths
 That lay of old beneath the sway of Rome,
 But corn and harvest, and green pasture-
 lands
 Dotted with flocks and herds, and circling
 wreaths
 Of blue smoke over many a quiet home.
 Chambers' Journal. R. C. K. ENSOR.

NASTURTIUMS.

LEAVES luxurious, large,
 Hung like moons on the stalk,
 Sprawling from marge to marge,
 Fringing my garden walk,
 Supple and sleek you twine,
 Facing the tranquil west,
 Velvety-veined, each line
 Breathing of warmth and rest.

Then when the waiting earth
 Thrills at the touch of spring,
 Stung into sudden birth,
 Up to the light you fling
 Passionate-hued, like fire,
 Petal and pointed horn,
 Restless as sharp desire,
 Dainty with virgin scorn.

So should the singer go,
 Drinking the friendly air,
 Calm, unimpassioned, slow ;
 Then in a moment rare,
 Loosing the pent desire,
 Thrilled with a reckless might,
 Break into fury and fire,
 Sparkle and flash with light.

A. C. BENSON.

From *The New Review*.

THE ART OF JUSTICE.

It is a common opinion that it is as easy to be just, if your sympathies are not in the least engaged either way, as it is to walk. So it is, in one sense. To learn to walk takes the ordinary human being from one to two years of constant and assiduous endeavor, and that with the advantage of ever-present examples, and no small amount of help and encouragement. Also, some people never learn to walk well. Many of us, if we tried as hard to learn the art of justice as we try to learn the art of walking, might be blessed with a similarly considerable degree of success, but most of us will never do anything of the kind, and, in fact, justice is a thing that most of us know very little about.

It has also one striking and romantic feature. It is an art known almost exclusively to persons of the male sex. Generalizations to the effect that men, or women, are all so-and-so, or always, or never, do this or that, are as common as blackberries, but in my experience they are generally erroneous. For instance, it is proverbial that curiosity, or inquisitiveness, is a distinctly feminine attribute. I do not believe it in the least. A man can usually be teased just as effectively by references to something he does not know, as any woman in the world. So with the kind of pride called vanity. It is possible that I may, from want of experience, underrate the ravages of this weakness in the female mind, but if any women are vainer than some men, I can neither understand nor imagine how they manage it. Justice, however, does seem to supply a distinctive line identical with that between the sexes. I never knew a woman who either was just, or seemed to have any conception of what justice was, and I do not believe there is one in the world. I do not mean to suggest that the fact is lamentable, but merely that it is the fact, and that it is noteworthy. A lady was sentenced a few years ago to a term of imprisonment for unlawfully causing the death

of her young child. It is my belief that every woman under whose notice the case came expressed the opinion that the convict ought to have been sentenced to penal servitude for life, and supported that assertion by statements the irrelevancy and the untrustworthiness of which proved the speaker to have no conception of any principle of justice whatever.

It is not to be supposed that because all women are unjust, all men are just. That is not at all the case. Many men are as unjust as all women. It may be that some men are just by nature, as some men are bowlers or billiard players by nature, and others eloquent or truthful. I, however, incline rather to the opinion that this is not so, or is so only in rare instances, and that as a rule, if not invariably, no man is or can be just who has not acquired, somehow or other, an elaborate education in the art.

The popular misconception on the subject appears to be based upon a pernicious theory that everybody "ought" to be "equal," in all manner of advantageous and disadvantageous circumstances, to everybody else. "It is not fair," say women, and other unjust persons, that one man should be strong, young, rich, handsome, clever, a duke, and everything else that any one could wish for, and that another should enjoy no one of those happy chances. This impious contention, of course, follows logically from almost any one of the common complaints about the "injustice" of the arrangements of the universe. The fact is that, most likely, nobody was ever absolutely equal in anything to anybody else, and, therefore, the assertion that people "ought" to be equal in any specific respect, is, in reality, only a way of saying that the universe is made otherwise, and therefore worse than the speaker would have made it, and is, therefore, badly made. To complain that the universe is badly made is to confess oneself to be, to some extent, unfit to live in this part of it, which is a cowardly and degrading admission. The duty of an honorable and self-respecting human being

is clearly to make the best of the universe, such as it is.

Before demonstrating that justice is an art to be learnt, and not a manifest principle to be applied without instruction, it is expedient to indicate shortly something of the meaning of the word. To begin with, the word means, etymologically, the science, or practice, of laws or rules. "Lawishness" would be an ugly, but intelligible and instructive equivalent. It would be true, in the strict sense, to say that there was no such thing as justice, apart from positive laws, that is, apart from commands given by intelligent beings who have some power of enforcing them, to intelligent beings who can understand them, and are under some compulsion to obey them. If the word law is here used in the strictest sense of jurisprudence, there is no justice except such as is administered by the sovereigns in sovereign States to the subject individuals in those States. This, however, is far too narrow and confined a sense for the general use of the word. It has, in ordinary language, a much wider significance, and may be correctly used wherever, by any reasonably close analogy, the word law can be applied to any rule of conduct, or even to any sequence of events which is sufficiently regular to be conceived of as proceeding in obedience to a command. "The laws of Nature" are sequences of events which it is highly convenient to speak of as laws, and no confusion need arise from the use of that expression if it is remembered that they are not laws at all in the strict sense, and that they differ from laws proper above all in this, that it is, as far as we know, utterly impossible to disobey them. A man may break the law which forbids him to commit murder, and may, or may not, be hung for it; but he cannot, however hard he tries, break the "law" of gravitation, which "says" that the mass of the earth and the mass of his body shall tend to approach each other at a certain speed proportioned to the distance that separates them. Less of laws than the queen's statutes, and more of

laws than the law of gravitation, are the laws which require people to behave affectionately to their mothers, respectfully to their uncles, and kindly to their dependents; that which ordains the observance of treaty obligations with weaker powers, and that which says that you must pay your gambling losses.

Justice, then, may, I think, be fairly described, as the science of making laws, both laws strictly so called and what are described as laws by a fairly close analogy, and the art of correctly ascertaining, and properly administering, the laws which, in one way or another, have come into existence. It will probably conduce to the popularity, without, I hope, seriously impairing the accuracy, of this definition to leave the word law out of it altogether, and to say, in looser phrase, that justice is the proper management of the rules according to which any given part of the business of life may, in fact, and properly, be carried on.

From rules, or laws, of some sort or other, there is practically no escape. The rules of something, of fashion if of nothing else, affect everybody, whatever they are doing. Or, if not — if there are any solitary and exceptional pursuits of which so much cannot be said — then, at any rate, the conceptions of justice and injustice, of fair and unfair, have no place in their discussion. The most slovenly and inaccurate of mankind would call it "unfair" that a particular man should have only one leg, unless he was of opinion that some, if not most, other men had each two.

The fundamental error lying at the root of the ordinary misconceptions about justice, probably is that justice demands the equal treatment of everybody; that is, in substance, that the inequalities with everybody else, which are part of everybody's natural endowment, shall, as far as they affect the matters in question, be "levelled up" or "down," as the case may be, so as to produce, as nearly as is practically possible, equality of condition in the result. If this were so, the task of

deciding what was just in any particular matter would be hopelessly impossible. Many human advantages and disadvantages are absolutely incommensurable, and many of them are related to each other in such different degrees, and so indefinitely, that a fair appraisement of them all in the simplest matter would involve inquiries much too long and elaborate to be conducted while human life is of anything like its present brevity.

One case of such a difficulty is of constant occurrence. Crimes almost exactly similar are committed by two persons, one a man hitherto respectable, born and bred in cultivated society, and accustomed to soft living; the other, a low-born and ruffianly gaol-bird. A punishment of the kind usual in case of such offences—say twelve months' hard labor—will be a crushing and irreparable disaster to the former, inflicting upon him, while it lasts, discomfort almost amounting to torture, and involving absolute ruin for the future. To the latter it will be a tiresome, but not unprecedented episode, involving no permanent diminution of resources, reputation, or self-respect. Are they both to have twelve months, or is the gentleman to have less? What does justice demand? This particular question is one upon which those of her Majesty's judges who sit in criminal courts are not by any means agreed, and it is manifest to any one who will attentively consider it that it is not to be hastily or confidently answered. People are infinitely different, and cannot all be treated alike. Therefore to identify justice with equal treatment is either to deprive the word of any meaning, or to apply it to a thing which does not, and never can, exist.

Yet this common error—like most common errors—has something in it that is laudable, for the people who make it have got hold of part of the truth. Justice does not, indeed, consist in equal treatment, but it does consist in equal application of the rules as far as they go. If it is clear that the rule applies both to A. and to B., then

justice will be done, if it be administered alike to each, however much, and for whatever reasons, the person or persons administering it may wish to promote the welfare of one, and inflict disadvantages upon the other. A. may be much richer, and able to bribe his judges, or (what is usually more to the purpose nowadays), may be much poorer, and the sort of person whose success will provoke a gush of enthusiasm in the newspapers; one or the other may be in private relations with those who have to put the rules in force; it may be abundantly clear that by some code of rules not immediately in question, such as the rules of ordinary morality, or those of sportsman-like behavior, A. is incomparably more deserving than B., while B., with fiendish cunning, has so behaved as to have on his side the particular set of rules which does apply, and no other "merits" whatsoever; A. may have the sympathy of every decent person, and B. may be the fitting target of universal and miscellaneous obloquy—nay, if the law of the land happens not to be in question, he may be evidently guilty, in relation to the disputed circumstances, of forgery, theft, swindling, and other hateful offences—all these things are immaterial. If the person who has to decide is just, and the particular set of rules that he has to act upon establish the rectitude, *pro hac vice*, of B., he will decide in favor of B., and let the other matters take care of themselves.

The notion that, apart from personal prejudices and so forth, it is easy to be just, is, as I have already observed, both common and erroneous. Its inaccuracy may easily be demonstrated by reference to a few of the commonplaces of the subject. Such a simple matter as seeing two sides of a question is not one that comes by nature to many people; and even when you do see two sides, the one that appears first (or, in certain cross-grained persons, the one that appears last) has, as a rule, a considerable advantage. A pleasing example of this occurs in Thackeray's admirable "Ballad of

Placeman, X." entitled "Jacob Homnium's Hoss." I fear that the verses are sufficiently forgotten for a sketch of the plot to be expedient. Jacob Homnium had a horse at Tattersall's, whence it was taken away, upon a forged order in Jacob's name, by a "vulgar oss-dealer," who kept it at a livery-stable, and, very imprudently, rode it in the Park, as it would seem, for his pleasure. There Jacob's groom saw and recognized the horse, whereupon "The raskle thief got off the oss, and cut away like vind." The livery-stable keeper thereupon sued Jacob for the keep of the horse, and the judge of the "Palace Court" at Westminster gave judgment, upon the verdict of a jury, for the plaintiff. Shortly after, and according to one tradition *propter*, this event, the Palace Court was abolished. It is clear that Thackeray, looking at the matter from the point of view of his friend, "Jacob Omnium," had no doubt whatever of the flagrant injustice of this decision. The burning and inimitable words which he puts into the mouth of Jacob are these : —

Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be called to pay? — It is
A iniquitious Jobb.

From Jacob's point of view, the statement is admirable. But from that of the livery-stableman, is it quite so unanswerable? Jacob's horse had to be somewhere, and it had to be fed. If the "raskle thief" had let it alone, it would have been running up a bill at Tattersall's. It did, in fact, stand in the plaintiff's stable, and ate the plaintiff's hay and oats. It was not suggested even by the naturally indignant Jacob that the livery-stableman was privy to the theft of the horse; and it seems probable on the whole that the livery-stableman knew whose the horse was, and did not know that the "vulgar oss-dealer" had no authority to put it in his stable. He might well say that he gave credit, not to the "wul-

gar oss-dealer," but to the well-known Mr. Higgins, by whose apparent authority the horse had been taken away from Tattersall's, and who, in fact, got the benefit of the board and lodging with which the animal was provided. This was, in fact, one of the large class of cases in which the question is: A., who is a rogue, having imposed upon X. and Y., who are honest, and thereby caused loss, is that loss to be borne by honest X. or by honest Y.? It is of no use to say, as the nursery justiciar probably might, "By neither X. nor Y. The rogue A. must bear it." If you can catch A., and get restitution from him, the question does not arise. In practice, you can sometimes catch him, if you think it worth while, but he can never make restitution. The only just course is to have a fixed rule, the best that can be devised, and apply it rigorously, regardless of the facts that the plaintiff is a presumably honest tradesman, and the defendant a literary gentleman rich enough to keep a horse — whatever sympathies or antipathies either of those facts may arouse.

If you have not the rule, or having it do not apply it rigorously, you are not just; and the devising, or ascertainment, and application of the rule, are not such simple or easy matters as many persons uneducated in justice might and do suppose.

From the foregoing considerations it appears that justice, since it consists in the right discovery and administration of some law or rule, has no existence where no law or rule exists. If the word is used without reference to any definite rule, applicable to the subject under discussion, its use is futile. It must relate to something. The word is used, often enough, with complete futility, and when it is so used it usually relates to something, and that something is the momentary taste or opinion of the speaker. "I call it unfair," that, — *e.g.*, the man with a hard heart, a good digestion, and plenty of money, should obtain the hand of the coveted heiress, while the penniless invalid, compact of all the cardinal vir-

tues, has to go without — means, generally speaking, that the individual calling it unfair personally dislikes the arrangement, and nothing more. This is an absolutely futile use of the word, because it is a fallacious and inaccurate statement of a fact which might easily be accurately stated, as for example in the words, "It makes me angry." Suppose that a child with a passion for horses earned by hard work a shilling, and permission to go to a circus, and suppose that on the way to the circus an idle companion stole the shilling, and went in with it, the owner of the shilling being excluded by reason of his inability to recover his property. Many persons not understanding the nature of justice would hastily say that the good child's fate was unfair, or unjust, meaning that it was deplorable. In fact, it would not be unfair, because the rule of the circus would be that no one was admitted without paying a shilling, and that rule would have been duly ascertained and equally administered to the good child and to the thief.

In cases where you do not know either — (1) whether there are any rules, or (2) what they are — there can be no knowledge of justice or injustice. More religions than one have taught, or have at different times been believed to teach, that happiness in the next world is impossible without the preliminary of an initiatory rite in this. Various persons have asserted it to be "unjust" that a person who, after initiation, has lived a life of sin, followed by a brief and inexpensive repentance, should be saved, while an aged person of extraordinary virtue, and an innocent infant, neither of whom had any possibility of initiation, should both be damned for the want of it. This is a slipshod and inaccurate way of saying that the speaker dislikes such an arrangement. It is also dangerous, because it tends unduly to prejudice the mind against the whole of that particular religion. Of course, every one with humane feelings dislikes, and ought to dislike, such an arrangement, when he knows no more

about it than is stated above. Yet it is conceivable that it might be just. If we knew that whoever decided upon the fate of human beings had rules to administer, if we further knew what they were, and if, again, we knew that they were not equally and indifferently applied to the case of different individuals or classes of individuals, then we might properly complain of injustice, but the reproach is not justified in the absence of such knowledge. To use it is like accusing a man of forging cheques because you reasonably believe him to be a burglar, and such an accusation is neither judicious, nor quite honest.

The questions naturally arise upon this explanation and limitation of the word justice, whether, according to the opinions here indicated, an unjust law is a contradiction in terms; whether it is inaccurate to apply the term "unjust" to the most wicked and the most foolish law that could be imagined; and, if it be inaccurate, whether the theory I have sought to develop is not a paradox too glaring for human nature's daily food. I think the first two of these questions — which are different forms of the same question — may safely be answered in the negative. Suppose it were enacted by law that every person having red hair should be put to death. Such a law, if it were made in earnest, and put in force to ever so slight an extent, would be oppressive, sanguinary, and detestable to the last degree. It would also be called unjust by many persons, and especially by those whose hair was red. The epithet would, to a great extent, if not entirely, be justified by the facts that a penal law is not a good one, and ought not to be enacted, unless the acts or qualities of individuals subject to it, which it visits with a penalty, constitute a substantial distinction between those individuals and all others, and unless it is also in harmony with the general moral sentiments of the persons for whose governance it is made.

Moreover, the question whether any law can properly be described as unjust

is almost exclusively theoretical. We may be quite sure that if a statute punishing the possession of red hair with death were made in a civilized country, it would be because there was in that country at that time, either a strong, and, for the moment, prevalent opinion that to have red hair was extremely wrong, or a strong and prevalent resolution, for some reason or other, to extirpate red-haired persons. If a new and formidable disease appeared, of the nature of influenza, and medical opinion declared it to be capable of being produced only by the presence of red-haired people, with as much unanimity as that with which they now declare vaccination to be a protection against small-pox, it is quite conceivable that a law might be passed against red hair, that it might be justly enforced, and that it might be quite undeserving of being called an unjust law.

For practical purposes all positive laws, and most rules, are perfectly just, as long as people have reasonable opportunities of finding out what they are. The question of justice or injustice arises only as to the manner in which they are put in force. And, in any case, where there are no rules there is no question of justice, and there cannot be any injustice.

From this it follows that no one is qualified to appreciate justice, or to detect the existence of injustice, unless he understands the nature of laws and rules generally, and can easily satisfy himself on the preliminary point, whether in the given instance, there are any rules or not. To be fully fitted to criticise in a particular case, he must be able to go further, and to say, with probable accuracy, what the rules in question are, and whether they have been properly, that is to say, correctly and indifferently, administered. No one is generally qualified to do this unless he has devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, and has, indeed, had something very like a legal education. No one, in fact, is born just. Men sometimes, and women seldom, or never, become so.

A. CLERK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE.

PERHAPS I had better explain at once that it was I myself who bestowed upon him the title, to which his only claim was the grandeur of his manner and his foreign accent. It was at a "jumble" sale in behalf of some charity or other that I first made his acquaintance. He pushed his way through the jostling, elbowing crowd of would-be purchasers to the hat-stall at which I was selling—a tall old man, with a gaunt, erect figure, clad in the shabbiest of tail-coats, that seemed to have been made for a person half his size, the sleeves reaching only about half-way down his arms.

"Mademoiselle is surprised to see me here," he said, with a low bow and an apologetic smile, as he removed the shabby cloth cap he wore; "but I thought I might perhaps get a little present for a friend, who is in what you call adverse circumstances. The days have been when it was not here I would come for a present for a friend; but I myself——" here he shrugged his shoulders expressively and heaved a deep sigh, adding the next moment, with a sudden change of tone and manner, "Well, well, we must not complain! Things might always be worse!"

Meantime he was examining, in the most leisurely and minute way, the hats I had placed before him, trying them on one after the other slowly and deliberately; for, as he informed me in an aside, his friend's head was about the size of his own. When he had at last selected a hat—a tall one—he thrust his hand into his greasy trouser-pocket with an air of lordly magnificence, and drew out a sixpenny-piece, which he laid on the table.

"Never mind the change!" he said, in a tone at once jauntily reckless and magnanimously dignified, not having apparently caught my remark that sixpence was the price of the hat—"never mind the change—it is for a good cause. Will mademoiselle take down my address? Ah, you do not send! That is a pity. In that case"—here

he paused, and wrinkled his brow in perplexed reflection — “in that case, I shall have to put it on myself. Mademoiselle understands that I could not carry it. Good-day.” And placing his new purchase on his head, he strode away, dignified and erect.

It was not till some months later that I came across him again. I had advertised for a studio. As my home was in the suburbs, I wanted a room with a good light in a central part of the town, where I should be within reach of possible buyers and possible pupils. Among those who replied to my advertisement was M. le Comte. He did not, of course, sign himself so, and I did not recognize him from his letter, though the grandiose tone in which it was written corresponded with the magnificent manner of my friend of the jumble sale; but almost the moment I saw him I knew him again. The address given in his letter was that of a side street in a busy neighborhood, where there were many offices and studios. After mounting three stairs, I found on the third landing a door bearing a brass plate with the inscription: —

M. ANDRE PICOTON,

PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I knocked; and after a few moments the door was opened by no less a person than M. le Comte himself, wearing a tall hat — no doubt the very one I had sold him, looking none the better for its three months' wear since. He removed it at once, however, on seeing me, and made a deep bow.

“Ah, the lady whom I accommodate with an appartement as studio!” he exclaimed politely, when I had explained my errand; and turning back into the narrow, dark lobby, he called out in a dignified, authoritative tone, “Janett, Janett!”

As no one, however, appeared in answer to his call, he returned to the door, saying, with an apologetic smile:

“I fear I must myself be your *cicerone* — my good Janett must have gone out. Will mademoiselle give herself the trouble to follow me?” As he

spoke, he took two or three steps along the lobby, and with a lofty air flung wide open a door on the left hand. “This,” he said, in a gracious tone, as of a person conferring a favor — “this is my drawing-room, my *salon*, which I resign to mademoiselle. I always like to accommodate the ladies — *place aux dames* is my motto.”

I cast a look round the room. It was small, and absolutely bare, save for two wooden chairs, one of which wanted a leg, and a small wooden table. For the rest, the window looked to the north, and the coloring of the walls was tolerably good. The room would suit my purpose well enough, and I said so.

“But,” I added, “I should not like to deprive you of your drawing-room.”

“Mademoiselle is very good,” he replied. “It gives me pleasure to oblige her. And for this room” — here he shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows — “as mademoiselle sees, it is not in use. Madame does not receive for some years; she is what you call *delicate* — confined to her room the most part. The *salon* is altogether at the service of mademoiselle!” This with a low bow, and an outward movement of the arms, expressive of a magnanimous generosity that disclaimed all merit, and would not even accept thanks.

To speak of such a vulgar thing as money seemed actually indelicate, if not insulting. Still it had to be done; so, as delicately as I could, I hinted that I should like to know what rent was expected.

“Ah, as to that, mademoiselle will excuse me — I do not interfere in such matters. But here comes my good Janett — you ladies will be able to settle everything between you.”

As he was speaking, I had heard the sound of a very slow, very heavy step approaching up the stairs; and there now entered the room an old woman, clad in an extremely shabby bonnet and woollen shawl, and carrying a market-basket. She was a large-made, large-boned woman, who must have been tall before the weight of years of

toil had bent her broad back into the shape of a bow. Her head shook slightly from side to side, and her face, which was heavy and large featured, wore the dull, patient expression of an overworked horse.

"Janett," said M. le Comte, "I have promised to accommodate mademoiselle here with the use of the *salon*."

"Hoots, get awa' wi' your Frenchified havers!" exclaimed the old woman, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and in a slow, deep, almost masculine voice, that contrasted strangely with monsieur's light and jaunty tones. "I never ken what he means when he gets on to his French," she added, turning to me. "Was it a studio you was wanting, mem?"

Behind her back, while she was speaking, monsieur was shrugging his shoulders, and looking at me with an amused, indulgent expression on his face.

"A privileged pairson, you see, mademoiselle — a privileged pairson," he said to me, in a deprecating aside, which was not overheard by the deaf old woman. "Well, ladies," he added, louder, "I think I shall just leave you to settle the affairs of the nation." And with a bow to me, he walked quickly out of the room.

"Ay, it's weel for them that can get ither folk to dae a' thing for them," the old woman muttered with a short, deep laugh, as he retreated from the room. And then, turning to me, she asked abruptly, —

"What rent was ye thinking to gi'e for the room?"

Evidently there was no reluctance here to speak of money matters! However, I found her reasonable, and even modest, in her demands, and we soon came to terms. About the cleaning of the room and the lighting of the fire there seemed at first to be some difficulty.

"You see, I'd dae it mysel'," she said, "but I'm aye oot in the morning the noo. I've gotten wark frae Wilson, the upholsterer in West Street there — fower shillings a week for cleaning oot the premises, and as many

sticks as I can carry awa' frae the yaird. It's no' that bad pay; but I'm getting ower auld noo for wark — I'm getting ower auld." And her voice died away in a low mutter, which I could not follow.

"You deserve a rest now," I said, in order to say something.

"Ay, that I dae!" she answered.

"But I canna get it. I *maun* work, I *maun* work, and a' for —" And she gave a bitterly expressive nod of her head towards the wall which separated the room we were in from the next, while once more her voice trailed off into the low muttered monologue which seemed to be habitual with her. "But" — suddenly waking up to a consciousness of my presence — "I'll see that your room's cleaned and your fire lichted for you — never you fash yoursel' about it! If I canna dae it, *he* *maun* jist dae it; he may as weel earn the saut to his parritch!"

Naturally, I wondered very much who *he* was, but concluded it could not possibly be M. le Comte who was meant. However, before many weeks were over, during which I had been comfortably installed in my new studio, I was to make the discovery that it was no other than he. Coming into the room one morning earlier than usual, I found that my fire was not yet lighted. While I was looking about for matches, there was a knock at the door, which was followed by the entrance of monsieur himself.

"Mademoiselle is early astir this morning," he said, as he made a deep bow with all his usual dignity and jauntiness of manner, in spite of the fact that in one hand he carried an iron "blower," and in the other a shovel; while from under one arm there protruded a pair of bellows, and from under the other a hearth-brush. "My good Janett is out this morning, so I must myself render mademoiselle the little service of lighting her fire."

I offered to light it myself, but he was quite indignant at the suggestion.

"Impossible, impossible — I could not permit mademoiselle to soil her fair fingers!" he exclaimed, with a

deprecating outward wave of the hands containing the shovel and the blower, which dislodged the bellows and the brush from under his arms, and caused them to fall with a crash to the ground.

"I have much experience of this work these last years," he said with a sigh, as he proceeded to light the fire in a methodical way, "though once——" Here another deep sigh cut short his sentence. "But madame, you see, is delicate. I rise and light the fire in her room every morning."

"Ah, you are a good husband!" I exclaimed.

"Well, I might be better—I might be better!" was the reply, in a tone of dignified humility. "But I try to do my duty at any rate. I try to do my duty—and no man can do more!" Here there was a return to the light and jocular tone, which in M. le Comte alternated so strangely with the stately and dignified. "Well, mademoiselle, I think you will do now. I shall leave you to your own meditations." And, gathering up his miscellaneous belongings, he retreated to the door, and there made me one of his deepest bows. "By the by," he lingered in the doorway to say, "I hope mademoiselle is not disturbed by my pupils. You see, in these evil days I am obliged to give private tuition in my own language. Ah, that is well!" as I reassured him on that point. "I know that any disturbance is apt to interfere with the divine *inflatus*."

Perhaps it is needless to say that, during the weeks which followed, I suffered no disturbance whatever from monsieur's pupils. They must have come at hours when I was not at the studio—if they came at all!—for I never heard their steps. Once a day I heard the slow, heavy tread of the good Janett, as she returned from cleaning out the upholsterer's premises; once a day, the light, jaunty steps of monsieur setting out for his constitutional; but no others—not even those of a message-boy. One morning, indeed, when I arrived at my usual hour, I found a butcher's boy at the door, and monsieur himself—no less a person-

age!—taking something out of his basket—something grey and soft, I knew not what till monsieur himself explained in his light yet stately way.

"A delicacy for madame, you see," he said. "She cannot eat your English *rosbif*—nor I either; we require something light and delicate. If mademoiselle suffers at all from the stomach, I would advise her to buy a sheep's bag." And he held up the grey thing in his hand. "Ah, stop a minute"—as the boy was moving away from the door—"here is a bawbee for yourself—it's a long stair to come up!" As he spoke, he plunged his hand into his pocket with the grandest air of careless generosity, but evidently without finding what he wanted. "Strange," he exclaimed, as he tried one pocket after the other. "I seem to have no small change to-day. Perhaps mademoiselle would be so kind? Just a copper—such a long stair—ah, thank you! And be sure to tell Mr. Smith"—to the boy—"that I am much obliged to him for sending it. You see"—turning to me—"I generally carry up any little thing like this myself in a piece of paper—the stair is so long. But Mr. Smith has been obliging enough to send—a very obliging man, Mr. Smith."

Evidently the visits of message-boys were not frequent at monsieur's. The little episode set me thinking about "madame," the delicate wife, of whom I heard so much and saw nothing. I wondered what she could be like, how she managed to pass her day, and above all where she lived. As far as I could judge, the mansion of Monsieur le Comte consisted of only one other room besides the *salon* which I occupied—at least, I knew there was only one other door besides my own opening off the little narrow lobby. Did monsieur, and madame, and the good Janett all inhabit the same room? I wondered; but during the winter that I occupied the *salon* I got no nearer solving the mystery.

The following spring I went to Paris in order to study in the studio of a celebrated master, and so lost sight entirely

of monsieur for several months. It was on a bright day early in the autumn of the next year that, as I happened to be passing through a quiet terrace in the suburb in which I lived, my attention was attracted towards the garden of one of the houses by seeing a small crowd of message-boys and message-girls gazing into it through the railings. At the windows of the house a number of faces of women and children were eagerly looking out towards the lawn, on which an old man was going through a number of extraordinary movements apparently meant for dancing—hopping and skipping, advancing and retreating, crossing his feet and then uncrossing them, sidling and tiptoeing, bowing and bending. I could not be mistaken in that green and greasy tail-coat (greener and greasier than when I had last seen it!), in that rusty tall hat of jumble-sale celebrity, and, above all, in that light, erect figure, and jaunty yet dignified bearing—it was M. le Comte!

Just as I stopped to look on, the windows were thrown open, and a handful of coppers was flung out. Monsieur stooped and gathered up the coins, preserving his balance and his dignity in a way which, considering his age and the attitude, was truly wonderful.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Picoton," I said, placing myself in his way as he stepped out of the garden gate, looking flushed with his exertions.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, in a tone of pleased recognition. "I am glad to see you again." And he removed the tall hat, and gave me one of the deep bows I remembered so well. "I have just been giving these young people there a dancing-lesson," he added, in a careless, off-hand tone. "It is terrible to see how the art of Terpsichore is neglected in this barbarous country!"

Of course I agreed with him; and then proceeded to question him as to how he and "madame" were getting on. I learned that they were still in the old place, and that madame was very poorly, "confined to her bed these last three days," he said. I promised

to go to see her, and I kept my promise.

It was not without some feeling of excitement and curiosity at the prospect of seeing the mysterious "madame" that I mounted the stairs to her dwelling the following day. The outer door of monsieur's mansion stood open, as it generally used to do, and I noticed, as I passed into the dark little passage, that the brass plate had disappeared. Evidently monsieur had discontinued his private tuition in French. I knocked at the inner door, within which I had never as yet penetrated. There was no reply; and it was not till I had two or three times repeated my knock that a deep voice, which I seemed to recognize as that of the good Janett, called, "Come in."

I turned the handle and entered. The door, as it opened, just grazed the foot of a large wooden tent-bed, which concealed the view of anything else in the room. So I had walked direct into a sleeping-room! The discovery for a moment made me hesitate; but by and by I took courage to advance a step or two and look around me. Evidently the room was used for other purposes besides a sleeping apartment; opposite me as I stood was the window, and beside the window, a press in which some plain, coarse dishes were set out, while under the press was a sink with taps for water. Another step brought me round the corner of the bed in view of the fireside. As I stepped forward, there suddenly started up from the wooden armchair by the fire no less a person than M. le Comte, though looking strangely unlike himself. Round his head, entirely concealing one eye, there was tied a rather dirty red cotton handkerchief, while the one eye visible glared at me with a rather startled look. Evidently I had awoken him out of a doze in his chair. He recovered himself almost at once, however.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, bowing with his usual dignity and *nonchalance*. "Delighted to see you. It is not often you honor us with a visit."

I replied that I had come to ask for

"madame." "But I am sorry to see that you too are suffering," I added.

"A trifle, a trifle!" he replied lightly, but I thought also somewhat shamefacedly. "An accident in the street — pavement so slippery — the authorities ought really —" He had gradually recovered his usual self-satisfaction and dignity of manner while he was speaking, and had reached the stage of righteous indignation when he was here suddenly interrupted.

"Ahccident!" exclaimed a low, gruff voice from the bed, with a short, ironical laugh — "ahccident! I'm thinking you might as weel tell the truth and say it was whusky!"

I did not need look towards the bed in order to know that the speaker was the good Janett. As I glanced towards her, she was leaning forward on her elbow, her head supported on one hand, while the other, with its expression of age, hard work, and endurance, lay out on the patchwork quilt. On her large, heavy-featured face, over which straggled a few stray locks of grey hair from underneath the night-cap she wore, illness had thrown an ashen-grey hue, and had drawn some fresh, deep lines. She looked very old, very frail, very weary.

"It's aye the drink when he gets ony money," she went on in her strange, deep voice, like a hoarse and muffled murmur. "I never lets him get ony when I'm weel; but yesterday he gaed oot and got some — I dinna ken hoo." (Here monsieur cast a hasty look at me, which I interpreted as a request not to tell anything I knew.) "And ye see!" She pointed as she spoke, with an expressive gesture, first at the handkerchief round monsieur's head, and then at the floor beside his chair, where lay his hat — the hat — bruised, and bent, and battered, almost past recognition. "His guid hat!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest distress. "If it hadna been for the drink! But it's aye the drink that's been his ruin!" And she sank back on the bed, muttering to herself.

Here was a blow for the dignified M. le Comte! At first I did not dare to

look at him; but when I did venture, half-guiltily, to glance in his direction, he was standing with his back to the fire, his arms folded, and his head bent, with an air of humility indeed, but it was the humility of a man owning a trivial error in judgment, rather than that of one confessing himself guilty of a degrading vice.

"True, true, my good Janett," he murmured, with a gentle sadness. Then raising his head, he gazed fixedly before him into space with his one visible eye. "If it had not been for that, I should be in a very different position to-day!" Here he heaved a deep sigh, adding immediately afterwards, with a sudden change of tone to the light and cheerful, "Well, well, we all have our little failings, no doubt, even the best of us. None of us is infallible, not even mademoiselle herself, I dare say!" And he laughed lightly.

I turned to the good Janett, and asked her about her health. It was "that 'flenzy" that was the matter with her, she told me; and then she trailed off into a long, muttered list of her ailments — pains in her bones, headache, weakness. She was not "fit to stand;" but she must go out to her work next day, otherwise she would lose it altogether.

"I *mawn* wark, ye see," she said. "He does naething."

"Yes, she must work — she's the lion's provider," here put in monsieur cheerfully, as if the position of "lion's provider" were one to be grateful for.

"And madame?" I asked. "She is ill too?"

"Yer mamaw?" queried the deaf old woman. "Is she ill tae? Is't the 'flenzy?"

"I mean madame — Madame Pico-ton," I explained.

"Eh, what — what's she saying?" she asked, looking towards monsieur.

But he did not seem to hear the question. He had seated himself on his chair again, with his back turned towards us, and was now busily engaged trying to bend out the bruises in his hat.

"Monsieur here told me she was ill," I put in.

"Hoots, ye might as weel call him by his ain name!" she ejaculated. "He's plain Andra Piggott. I never gave in with his Frenchified nonsense—I couldna see what guid it was to dae us—but he was aye for giving French lessons—French lessons, and him nae mair French nor you and me! And that brass plate! I only got one-and-saxpence for it when I sellt it, and it cost, I'm sure——" Her voice went trailing on in a low monologue; but I did not follow any further. I was reflecting on what I had just heard. So M. le Comte was no Frenchman after all! The discovery did not surprise me so much as it would have done when I first made his acquaintance, for it had struck me more than once that his French accent was by no means so marked as it used to be. I was wondering whatever could have induced him to assume a French name and accent, when my reflections were interrupted by Janett asking abruptly:—

"Wha did he tell you was ill?"

"Madame—Madame Picoton—I mean his wife."

"His wife!"—and the old woman raised herself up in bed, and stared at me in amazement—"his wife! Why, that's me!"

"You! Oh, I thought—I understood——" But I could get no further; I could not tell *her* that I had thought she was his servant; I could not tell *him* that he had lied.

I ventured to steal a furtive glance at him. To all appearance he was quite unconcerned by the revelation which had just been made. He shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and shook his head.

"One of my follies, you see, made-moiselle," he said lightly, in a voice too low to reach the old woman's deaf ears—"one of my youthful follies. Young men will be young men, you know. But she's a faithful soul," he added condescendingly—"a faithful soul."

So I had at last unravelled the mystery! Afterwards, when I was alone,

I laughed heartily to think that "madame," who "did not receive," who was "delicate," and "kept her room," should turn out to be no other than the good Janett!

I saw her frequently during the following weeks, during which I was once more installed in the *salon* with my easel and my canvases, and gradually learned, from the rambling monologues in which she so often indulged, the main events of monsieur's life. As a boy, he had been page, and afterwards footman, to a lady who travelled a good deal; then he had been valet to a delicate gentleman, who usually wintered in the south of France. After leaving this situation, which he lost through the enemy which afterwards pursued him through life—love of drink—he led a restless life full of changes and vicissitudes: at one time he formed one of a band of strolling actors; then he was a gold-digger in California; then he returned home, and was for a while in the police force, during which time he married; afterwards he started a restaurant of his own, which failed; and then he acted as waiter in some one else's. But each new trial always ended the same way.

"Ay, the drink has been his ruin," the old woman always wound up, while her head shook sadly from side to side. "And noo I jist takes care that he doesna get ony. But you see I ha'e to wark mysel'—I ha'e to wark!"

Poor old soul, it was very hard to have to work in her frail old age, with her "rheumatics," and her shaking head, and trembling limbs! But she never missed a day; every day I heard her slow, heavy step, which seemed to me to be daily growing slower and heavier, coming up the long stair as she returned from her work. Once I ventured to say to her that I thought her daughters ought not to let her work (for I knew that she had two daughters, who were well married, in the town); but she turned on me quite indignantly and told me that, so long as she could do "a hand's turn" herself, she would be "beholden to naebody." And I gathered that the daughters, who

had made good marriages during the palmy days of the restaurant, were inclined to be ashamed of the old people.

I was glad to be able to help her a little by the rent of my studio, and by the weekly sum I gave for cleaning and fire-lighting. I always paid the money into her own hands on Saturday afternoons; and I felt sure that she laid away half of it at least for the time when she should be able to do "a hand's turn" no longer. But one Saturday afternoon she had not come in at her usual hour; and after tapping at my door, monsieur (as I must continue to call him) entered with many bows and apologies, to say that there were "a few purchases" to be made for the next day, and if it were "quite the same for mademoiselle," etc., — in short, he wanted me to pay him. In a moment of thoughtlessness I did so — and I have never ceased to regret it!

I stayed at the studio much longer than usual that day; the light had long gone; but there was a good fire burning, and after I had ceased attempting to paint, it was much more pleasant to rest on a comfortable seat before the blaze than to set out into the storm of wind and rain outside. When at last the fire sank low, and I prepared to go, the room was almost in complete darkness. As I descended the stairs, I met Janett slowly toiling upwards, her back almost bent double. She was looking very tired; some loose grey hairs were blown about her face by the wind, and her head shook more than usual. After a few words of greeting, I was passing on, when she stopped me with the question: —

"Were you forgetting that this is Saturday?"

"Saturday!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Oh yes, I see — the rent! I gave it to monsieur."

"You gi'ed it to *him*!" And she fixed her eyes on my face with a look of surprise and alarm. "Is he in the hoose the noo?" she asked eagerly.

"No," I answered, for I had heard him go out a long time before, and I knew he had not yet come in.

She placed her rough and wrinkled old hand on her left side, and stood silent for a few moments, breathing hard, while her poor head shook painfully.

"Eh!" she exclaimed by and by, with a long-drawn sigh, "I was feared that something wad gae wrang the day! Lassie, lassie, what for did ye gi'e him the siller?" And she turned, and began slowly descending the stairs.

My conscience smote me now for what I had done; but it was too late for repentance to do any good. I followed the old woman, and laid my hand on her arm, urging her to go home and make herself a cup of tea — monsieur would turn up soon all right, I said, and she was far too tired to go out again. But she shook me off, and continued to descend.

"I maun gae seek him," she said stubbornly. "He'll be awa' drinking at the Three Bells."

The Three Bells was a public house situated in a side street no great distance away. Short though the distance was, however, it took the old woman a long time to make her way against the strong wind that blew in her face, fluttering the ends of her old shawl, and flapping her skirts about her stiff old legs. Every now and then she would stop to take breath, pressing her hand to her side.

As we neared the foot of the street in which the Three Bells was situated, I noticed a small crowd of people gathered round the railings at the corner, apparently gazing down into the area. A sudden thought flashed into my mind, casting a chill over me. I glanced at Janett to see if it had occurred to her. As I looked at her, she stopped suddenly, and stood still for an instant peering eagerly before her, her hand pressed hard to her side. Then she moved on again towards the little crowd, walking more rapidly than I could have believed possible.

I said there were railings round the corner; but in front, where the block of building at the corner faced the main street, there was an opening in the railings at the top of a broad flight

of steps leading down to a shop in the basement. From the windows of this shop, which were filled with small articles such as penknives, corkscrews, and nutmeg-graters, and contained a notice to the effect that "Every article in this shop" was *6d.*, a flood of light was pouring on to the steps that glistened with the rain, and on to a pool of something red that lay in the area at the foot. Somehow, I never doubted for an instant—I seemed to know at once what had happened; but I questioned one of the bystanders aside. Yes, I learned, there had been an accident—an old man, evidently the worse of drink, had fallen down the steps. They had taken him to the hospital.

I turned from the speaker to look for Janett. She had asked no question of any one, but was walking down the steps into the area—heavily, indeed, but more quickly than I had ever seen her walk before. I watched her, and saw her stoop to pick up something in a dark corner of the area. Then she made her way up the steps again, slowly, and with apparent difficulty, carrying something under her shawl. When she reached the top, she crossed the pavement to the street lamp that stood a few paces away; and turning her back upon the crowd, she drew from beneath her shawl the object she carried. When I reached her side, she was wiping it with a corner of her shawl in a dazed, mechanical way, while her poor head shook more than I had ever seen it do before. Befouled though the thing was with mud, and deformed with innumerable bends and bruises, I recognized at once the tall hat of M. le Comte, for it somehow seemed to bear about it that air of dignity and importance of which no amount of poverty and humiliation could ever deprive its owner.

The poor old woman had evidently recognized it too, for as she kept stroking it with the corner of her shawl, apparently only half conscious of what she was doing, she murmured every now and then in a deep, hoarse voice,—

"Ay, it's him—it's himsel'!" And

then in a lower tone, "I aye said the drink wad be his ruin."

There were no cries, no tears. A casual observer might have thought her callous; but to me, who knew her, the stunned look in the heavy old face, the painfully shaking head, the trembling hands, the breath that came in short gasps, all told another tale.

I called a cab, and bade the man drive us to the hospital. As we drove along, the old woman sat beside me in a sort of stupefied silence, constantly smoothing the poor battered hat with the corner of her shawl, and only once or twice muttering in her deep, low voice, "I aye said the drink wad be his ruin!"

At the hospital we found that our worst fears were realized; it was indeed M. le Comte who lay, stiff and silent, but dignified as ever, in the mortuary. He had died almost immediately on his admission into the wards. While I was questioning nurses and other officials, the old woman had kept silently at my side, clasping the old hat closely to her beneath her shawl, and gazing before her with a vacant, stupefied look; but when we found ourselves once more back in the cab, driving through the streets to her empty home, suddenly a short, hard sob seemed to rend its way upwards from her old heart, shaking her from head to foot.

"Eh, ma woman," she cried, "what for did you gi'e him yon siller?"

That was all; but the words, in the tone of bitter pain in which they were uttered, rang in my ears for many long days afterwards.

A day or two later M. le Comte was laid in his grave without the help of the parish, his daughters, whom I had at once informed of what had happened, defraying the expenses. And the world went on without him just the same as ever, save for the "faithful soul" whom it had been one of his "youthful follies" to wed. She, it seemed to me, grew daily older and more frail in her appearance, slower and heavier in her movements. She did not return to her work at the upholsterer's premises.

"I dinna need to wark noo," she said, when I remarked on the fact to her.

The spirit which had borne her up during all these months and years past, enabling her to continue toiling in spite of feeble health and increasing age, seemed quite to have left her now. She did not care to exert herself at all. Often, when in going to or coming from my studio I looked into her room, I would find her seated on her wooden armchair before the fire, tenderly smoothing monsieur's old hat with the corner of her apron, while her head shook mournfully from side to side.

Only a few weeks later she was found seated so before a black fire — dead! her cold hand grasping the old hat. I was absent from home at the time; and on the very day I returned to my studio, I met the men carrying the long black box down the stairs. In the room, which had for so long been to me an unsolved riddle, the daughters were turning over and packing up, with no too reverent hand, the old articles of clothing and furniture, which somehow still bore about them the look of their late owners, of whom to me they almost seemed a part.

Of course, I asked the manner of the poor old woman's death.

"And the hat?" I inquired eagerly, when I had learned all that the daughters could tell me. "Did you —"

"Oh, the hat!" contemptuously exclaimed the elder woman. "It was fair done. You put it out with the ashes, did you no', Mary?"

Somehow I had been foolish enough to hope that it had been buried with the "faithful soul."

way of looking at the world problems, which, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to face." And the attitude he recommends, while forming a basis for the study of theology, is brought into relief by contrast with what he calls Naturalism, the leading doctrines of which are, "that we may know phenomena and the laws by which they are connected, but nothing more. More there may or may not be, but if it exists we can never apprehend it." This system is, he adds, practically identical with what has been called Agnosticism or Empiricism. And yet, if one were to look for Mr. Balfour's intellectual ancestors, we believe that it is among the founders of Empiricism that they would be discovered. The Empirical school took its rise, as did Induction, in a protest against indulgence in speculation at the expense of fact. The father of Empiricism, John Locke, had been perplexed and discouraged in his undergraduate days by the futile subtlety of the Scholastic method pursued at Oxford. "True knowledge," he wrote, "first grew in the world by rational observation . . . [but] man labored by his imagination to supply what his observation and experience failed him in; and when he could not discover by experience the principles, causes, and methods of Nature's workmanship, he would needs fashion all these out of his own thought, and make a world to himself, framed and governed by his own intelligence."² The consequence was that "the most acute and ingenious part of man became by custom and education engaged in empty speculation." This tendency is apparent in the exhaustive accounts of the universe given by the later schoolmen, — accounts based on principles which they dispensed themselves from proving, on the plea that they were "innate." It was this method of reasoning that Bacon styled the *intellectus sibi permixtus*; and, like Bacon, Locke protested against it. He insisted on rigid observation of the actual capacities of the

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.¹

MR. BALFOUR has explained for us, in the introduction to his book on the "Foundations of Belief," that the work is designed "to recommend a particular

¹ The Foundations of Belief, being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. London, 1895.

² Fragment, De arte Medica. 1668.

human mind in place of indulgence of the speculative imagination; on the humble search for what knowledge the constitution of our nature permits us, in place of the "vanity" of supposing that our "narrow weak minds" could "penetrate into the hidden causes of things," and understand "the great and curious fabric of the world, the workmanship of the Almighty," which in truth "cannot be perfectly comprehended by any understanding but his that made it." But, on the other hand, Locke was no Agnostic. The man who should acquiesce in scepticism because he recognizes the limitations of human knowledge he compares to one "who would not use his legs, but sit still and perish because he had no wings to fly."

Mr. Balfour's temper and method are up to a certain point very similar. He shows the same deep sense of the limitations of human knowledge, the same aversion to dogmatism, the same conviction of the futility of mere "brain-spinning," which he compares to a man walking nimbly on the deck of a ship, and congratulating himself on his successful locomotion, while all the time the ship itself may be making its way rapidly to shoals and rocks which will bring it to inevitable destruction. And by means of another nautical simile he indicates his own method, that of studying diligently the universe of fact, intent on missing no glimpse of real light which it may afford, by which we may guide our path; instead of inventing an ideal system which has no correspondence with the perplexing world in which man's lot is actually cast. "If we have to find our way," he writes, "over difficult seas and under murky skies without compass or chronometer, we need not on that account allow the ship to drive at random. Rather ought we to weigh with the more anxious care every indication, be it negative or positive, and from whatever quarter it may come, which may help us to guess at our position and to lay out the course which it behoves us to steer."

How, then, if Mr. Balfour's spirit is

in great measure that which originally animated the Empiricists, has it come about that the Empirical philosophy is one principal object of his attack?

One reason is that the later Empiricists themselves become speculative dogmatists.

Locke began, as we have seen, by protesting against unreal theorizing and arbitrary assumptions. He proposed to scrutinize the limits of our faculties of knowledge. He found that a large number of our ideas really resolve themselves into the products of sensible experience. The analysis of experience was to him what the extensive observation of physical fact was to Bacon. It was safe ground. It was clear that at least all convictions which could be resolved into products of experience were true, whatever else might be due to prejudice or illusion. He treated the mind as a *tabula rasa* on which was gradually traced a network woven by sensation and the mind's reflection on its sensation. But with Hume the innate love of human nature for speculative systematizing returned. Locke had never limited human certainties to the knowledge of phenomena.¹ His statement that all knowledge comes from experience did not exclude the knowledge of God. Hume arbitrarily limited the meaning of the statement in question, and made it the point of departure for the freest speculative deduction. He transformed Empiricism as understood by Locke, into Naturalism as explained by Mr. Balfour. Berkeley had led the way in the negative portion of his system of Idealism, Hume developed this side of Berkeley's teaching, and reached a scepticism highly speculative in its preference for rigid deduction from his own arbitrary interpretation of Locke's system, to the facts which his very reasoning process must presuppose, — a scepticism which he combined with the dogmatism involved in his argument against miracles.

¹ Locke's ideas of reflection, and his ontological certainties, "God, the world, and the soul," are, it need hardly be said, instances of his departure from thorough-going Empiricism.

The successive phases of more or less dogmatic Empiricism need not be traced here. The same temper was visible — though in a lesser degree — in J. S. Mill's attempt to reduce our knowledge, even our mathematical knowledge, to the inseparable association of ideas. A more marked instance of it is the application by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the evolution theory — which in Darwin's hands was so cautiously treated, with so much hesitation as to its details, with such wide observation of facts — to form a complete and symmetrical system of philosophy. Both these systems are as arbitrary and dogmatic in what they exclude from the sphere of our knowledge, as the scholastic "innate" principles were in what they included.

Thus has come about the curious phenomenon that systems, primarily associated with two eminent representatives of that scientific temper which resents dogmatism and free speculation as diverting attention from the world of fact, have been applied and transformed to support conclusions replete with the very dogmatic and speculative character which was so repugnant to them. The detailed theories of Mill and even of Herbert Spencer have perhaps lost credit, but the tendency they represent is still abroad. Mr. Balfour opposes to it a rigid application of the true laws of induction. The all-solving principle — whether of association or of evolution — is (as a principle of universal application) a dogmatic assumption based on an insufficient induction. In Mr. Balfour's own words, it "leaves large tracts and aspects of [the human] consciousness unaccounted for."

Mr. Balfour appeals then, in the first place, to a wider and completer process of mental observation. He examines all our convictions and conceptions, — be they prejudices or truths, illusions or elements of real knowledge, — never allowing himself to assume the genesis of what is complex from what is simple, in consequence of a presumption (latently dogmatic) that such a genesis must be ascertainable. He recognizes the mysterious as a fact in our con-

sciousness no less than the simple. To profess, for the sake of consistency, to unify things which are really distinct, is as dogmatic as to invent for the sake of professing to know. If what is at first sight mysterious on closer scrutiny *does* resolve itself into a disguised complication of simpler and lower elements, well and good. This is a fact to be accepted and reckoned with. If on the other hand the more you look at it the less such a resolution appears possible, if instead of a manifestation of something lower and simpler than itself, it appears to have its source in something higher and *more* mysterious than itself, that is equally a matter of observation of which the true inductive philosopher must take account. Thus Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the course of his highly symmetrical disposition of mental phenomena and their causes, explains the ethical instincts as the outcome of qualities which have helped individuals or tribes in the struggle for existence. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, opposes to his procedure — which is obviously based on the strongest presumption that the facts of the case ought to square with his theory — the true inductive method of close observation of the phenomena in question. Is such an account the lawful result of observation? How does it square with the sentiments of moral approbation, of sin, of remorse? Can you fashion a conscience which is really like the human conscience from Mr. Spencer's principles; or do you get only something which stands to conscience much in the same relation as Hans Andersen's clockwork nightingale, with its one mechanical tune, stands to the nightingale in our woods with its free and living song? Is an account of art which divests the artist entirely of his character of a seer, an interpreter of some great reality, consistent with convictions of our nature which have at least as good a claim on our attention as those simpler elements which are made the basis of so far-reaching a generalization? These are the questions which Mr. Balfour asks in effect; and so far he is recalling the

Empiricists to their own principles. He is pointing out that they in their turn are theorizing and dogmatizing ; that they too are ignoring, in their impatience for symmetrical theory, the full variety, and puzzling complexity of the world of fact.

But after all both Empiricism and Induction, while they represented a step forward of the utmost importance to philosophy, shared at one time or another the fate of nearly all great movements of thought. They both seized upon truths which had hitherto been neglected ; and they both neglected truths which had hitherto been recognized. If even Locke undervalued the rational element in experience, Bacon did so equally in scientific investigation. "He was so afraid," wrote Dean Church, "of assumptions and 'anticipations' and prejudices — his great bugbear was so much the *intellectus sibi permissus*, the mind given liberty to guess and imagine and theorize, instead of, as it ought, servilely submitting itself to the control of facts — that he missed the true place of the rational and formative element in his account of induction ;" and his system, as he designed it, was, in the words of the same writer, "as barren of results as those deductive philosophies on which he lavished his scorn."¹ Beginning on the side of the observer, protesting against the mediæval tendency to pose as a God and imagine a scheme which has no counterpart in reality, he was slow to see the methods whereby a Newton or a Galileo could interrogate nature by experiment, and even leap with a fair prospect of success to great generalizations. The former methods have received their best analysis in Mill's "Canons of Induction ;" the latter process must always remain especially characteristic of intuitive genius. It differs utterly from the mediæval assumptions in that it pursues the method of nature herself, and is instinctively guided by previous familiarity with nature, and awaits verification by experiment before it is complete.

But it differs also from Bacon's own system not only in its use of experiment, but in its tentative trust of the highest semi-conscious intellectual processes as an ultimate means of ascertaining those very facts which Bacon explored by the light of direct observation.

What the method of a Newton adds to Bacon's induction Mr. Balfour in parts of his work appears to add to the Empirical methods. Passive induction was sterile ; passive scrutiny of the consciousness had from the first an Agnostic tendency. In both cases positive illusion was avoided ; in neither were all available indications of truth utilized. Mr. Balfour perceives the necessity of not merely passively observing, but of interrogating our consciousness, of flnding out the pre-suppositions of coherent experience, of guessing at the underlying laws, of framing, provisionally at least, great assumptions on insufficient evidence, to see if perchance their truth or falsehood will become clearer in the very act of using them as working hypotheses. The verification of a great hypothesis is a kind of questioning and cross-questioning of nature. Her awful silence in the presence of the unperceiving gives way before those who know how to put the questions. By a succession of replies, each of which is simply yes or no, she discloses significant truths. So too Mr. Balfour cross-questions the psychological world. He takes, for example, the plausible assumption of synthetic evolutionism as to the genesis of the human faculties. Mr. Spencer began the process of examination, and gained, as we all know, answers up to a certain point satisfactory. Mr. Balfour proceeds to cross-question. He asks if, on the supposition that the human reason finds its ultimate origin — as advocates of evolution have supposed — in a purely reasonless concourse of atoms, it can have that correspondence with objective fact which we inevitably assume. He elicits in detail the kind of knowledge which (even waiving this initial difficulty) arises in the course of evolution — only that knowledge which is

¹ Dean Church's Bacon, p. 245.

necessary for the preservation of the species. He asks psychology if the forces concerned in evolution can possibly account for the mass of our rational knowledge, and psychology perforce answers no.

That he gains an equally positive answer in respect of the hypotheses which he considers on the affirmative side cannot be said. We remember that Newton long refused to consider the law of gravitation finally established, because of a very slight discrepancy between the time he calculated for the moon to fall through space, and the time taken by a stone to fall from the same height. For sixteen years he continued his observations, which at last resulted in the discovery that the distance of the moon had been miscalculated. Thus the discrepancy was at last removed, and the hypothesis verified. And Mr. Balfour appears in his book to be still pursuing the double process—considering on the one hand the consequences of the great spiritual hypotheses of Theism and Christianity, which he has invoked to account for the facts, and on the other hand ever enlarging his observation of the facts themselves in their inner significance and fullest analysis. Still the conclusion suggested by him seems at first sight to carry out the lines we have indicated. Naturalism and evolution have failed to account for the power of the human reason even to give us “any general view of the phenomenal world,” let alone its powers of reflecting “with sufficient precision remote aspects of reality.” The only possible explanation is that the world is the “work of a rational Being” who made “it intelligible, and us, in however feeble a fashion, able to understand it” (p. 301). And it is suggested that in some degree we share the attributes of this rational author of nature (p. 76). Again, he draws a similar conclusion from the failure of naturalistic evolution to give a sufficient account of conscience. It offers only the explanation suggested by the genesis of conscience in the course of its evolution, which

has in it no ethical character. Mr. Balfour supplies the deficiency by postulating a divine purpose working *through* evolution as an instrument, so that “in the region of Design it is only through the later stages that the earlier can be understood” (p. 325). These presuppositions, necessary for the scheme of human knowledge, and yet outside the sphere to which Naturalism limits that knowledge, are accepted as the postulates of science are accepted—notably the existence of an independent external world. The ground of their acceptance the author expresses provisionally, and with hesitation as to the adequacy of the terms, as the “satisfaction of a need.” The relation between a need and its satisfaction “is something different from that between a premise and its conclusion,” but “equally remote from that between a desire and its fulfilment.” It has not the logical validity of the first nor the “carnal, wavering, and wholly subjective character of the second.”

We have given what appears to us to be the true account of Mr. Balfour's method as a whole; but a great deal of his work has a more destructive character than we have indicated. On lines familiar to readers of his “*Defence of Philosophic Doubt*,” he sets himself to prove not merely the inadequacy of many of the processes which we have been accustomed to consider as rational, but their misleading character. The reader finds himself carried on from criticism of a purely naturalistic account of the origin and capacities of human reason to what seems very like a destructive criticism of the rational capacities of mankind. “So far as empirical science can tell us anything about the matter,” he writes, “most of the proximate causes of belief and all its ultimate causes are non-rational in their character.” While it is perfectly plain that Mr. Balfour holds that an ultimate rational cause of which Empiricism knows nothing does give a rational source to the processes whereby we come to believe, it is not equally plain that he gives sufficient

ground for supposing that man can find in the scrutiny of his rational nature itself any guarantee for such a confidence. Some readers may feel that the rational processes are so far discredited by him, in some of his detailed examinations of their character, as to make them unequal to aspiring to decide on the very cogent considerations which Mr. Balfour also presents in favor of a belief in a rational origin of our own reason, ensuring some correspondence between the subjective and the objective.

Indeed we have in these portions of his work — notably in the chapter on the "Philosophical Basis of Naturalism" — indications of a line of argument which, while consistent with the terms of his conclusion (already quoted), really differs from the argument we have indicated, and changes the import of the conclusion. Not only is Empiricism viewed as incomplete in these parts of the book, but the Empirical methods which in their place we are all in the habit of using are regarded as misleading. Scientific and psychological analyses are shown to lead simply to an *impasse*. Instead of being brought by Locke's method of close scrutiny of the consciousness to a higher estimate of the rational capacities than Naturalism contemplates, Mr. Balfour here reaches a lower. Instead of a Reason so wide in its sweep that it suggests a source higher than any which the evolutionary processes themselves discern, we have a reason observably self-contradictory when we are in a position to scrutinize its processes. Instead of the perception by a process outstripping logical analysis of necessary presuppositions of the logical processes themselves, we have non-rational instincts contradicting analysis. Instead of rising to an ultimate Rational and Ethical cause by a survey (in which Reason, latent and explicit, takes an active share) of all that is noblest in the nature of man, by a process higher though less capable of verification than mere analysis — just as sight travels to the vast world of fixed stars, though its information is far less pre-

cise and far harder to verify than the information which sight and touch together give us of the properties of a stone — we invoke a divine guarantee, in our despair, to justify beliefs which all examination shows to be simply non-rational. In place of the "need" for a God of Reason and Goodness being tantamount to something like a rational necessity suggested by the highest rational insight, we have, in the words of Tennyson's despairing infidel, only "the guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire."

We fully share Mr. Balfour's desire to face facts frankly; and were the result of an accurate investigation of the rational processes which this line of argument implies unproductive, it would become us to resign ourselves to the inevitable. But we believe that the case is otherwise. Moreover it appears to us that the two lines of thought, neither fully developed, but both suggested in the work before us, are really inconsistent. We shall therefore, as we conceive, be furthering Mr. Balfour's main argument if we can show that his disparagement of the human reason is based on an insufficient examination of the psychological facts to which he appeals. We propose then with this object, briefly as our limits demand, (1) to consider one or two instances of his disparagement of the human reason in its analytical processes; (2) to examine his proof that Authority as a non-rational cause is responsible for a multitude of beliefs popularly ascribed to Reason; and (3) to indicate the bearing of our conclusions on the main argument of his book.

We find, as we have intimated, instances scattered up and down this volume, in which Mr. Balfour dismisses the analysis of rational motives for belief as unproductive, and falls back upon non-rational causes of belief. One of his justifications for this procedure is that we constantly find our conclusions more certain than our premises. "In all [branches of knowledge]," he writes, "conclusions seem

more certain than premises. . . . In all of them ideas so clear and so sufficient for purposes of every-day thought and action become confused and but dimly intelligible when examined in the unsparing light of critical analysis."¹ What, then, is the value of a proof which seems less certain than the thing to be proved? Take, for example, the judgment "I see a brown chair." Nothing could appear simpler or more certain than such a judgment. Yet, when we investigate its full meaning, we find that science tells us of an immensely complicated process, culminating in the incidence of certain ethereal undulations on the retina, and the stimulation of the optic nerve, and metaphysics raises the whole problem of Idealism. Mr. Balfour makes the investigation on lines somewhat similar to Berkeley's in his famous dialogues between Hylas and Philonous. Mr. Balfour's inclination, in the face of the difficulties which the process brings to light, is to sweep away the complicated web of scientific and metaphysical subtlety; to refute Idealism almost as Dr. Johnson did by kicking a stone, and to say simply that we must assume a correspondence between the mind and the external world, both being the creation of a Higher Reason, which designed that there should be a correspondence between the microcosm and the macrocosm.

We have already intimated our opinion that this method unduly disparages the powers of that very Reason which is our means of perceiving the necessity of looking for its source in a Higher Reason. We believe that the clue to a truer solution of the difficulty under consideration will be found in a work published fifty years ago, and yet in many ways peculiarly suited to the phase of thought revealed in the book before us. John Henry Newman, when at the height of his influence at Oxford in the later thirties and the early forties, was struck equally with Mr. Balfour by the fact that our conclusions so often appear more certain

than our premises. He made an enquiry very similar to Mr. Balfour's into the testimony of the senses. He probed the analytical reason, and came to the conclusion that, when left to its unaided resources, its chief power is simply to reveal to us the difficulties of our condition.² Like Mr. Balfour, he was struck by the insufficiency of the current natural theology and evidential works on Christianity. Like him again, he instituted a comparison between the external world which is the postulate of science and those supernatural beliefs which are the basis of the spiritual, devotional, and moral life. Mr. Balfour suggests that, so far as Empirical knowledge goes, we might have other senses which would reveal to us the real nature of the external world far better than our existing ones. Newman entertained this hypothesis more positively and seriously. "What," he wrote in one of his "University Sermons," "if the whole series of impressions made on us through the senses be . . . but a divine economy suited to our need, and a token of realities distinct from them, and such as might be revealed to us, nay, more perfectly, by other senses as distinct from our existing ones as they are from each other?" And he suggested that, similarly, those tokens of the supernatural world which we find in theology may be an economy, representing to us great truths, of whose existence and relation to ourselves and our conduct we may be aware, but of which our present faculties can have no fuller cognizance.

One thought which runs through these remarkable sermons is the very one which haunts Mr. Balfour, that alike the ultimate analysis of *what* we believe and the ultimate proof of *by what right* we believe elude us; and yet we continue to believe, and (in many cases) to retain an undiminished certainty that we are right in believing. But Newman's very statement of the case, in this volume and else-

¹ See p. 283.

² University Sermons, 1st edition, p. 353: "Reason can but ascertain the profound difficulties of our condition."

where, shows that he conceives its solution as lying in a direction to some extent at least different from that indicated by Mr. Balfour. He states it almost popularly in a letter to a friend written in the year 1840. "The human mind," he wrote, "in its present state is unequal to its own powers of apprehension; it embraces more than it can master." This view of the matter is developed in the "University Sermons" and the "Essay on Assent." He expressed his meaning more exactly years later in his contention that the mind is often "swayed and determined by a body of proof which it recognizes only as a body and not in its constituent parts." The difference between this line of thought and Mr. Balfour's — with which it coincides up to a certain point — is that Newman, instead of tending to reject the process of analysis as giving no guarantee of the soundness of our reasoning, merely on the ground that it cannot be carried far enough to justify fully the certainty of the previous conviction, maintains that this inequality is the normal state of things and may be easily accounted for. The analysis may be carried far enough to give a presumption, more or less strong, often a reasonable conviction, that the mind has done its work correctly; and the fact that it cannot be carried further, instead of discrediting its value and showing the cause of conviction to be non-rational, is merely an instance of that inequality between our powers of "embracing" and our powers of "mastering" which an investigation of the mental processes themselves will quite sufficiently explain.

That this is so in many very simple instances is, we suppose, indisputable. The conviction of our own birth, or of the fact that England is an island, rests (with nine-tenths of us) on considerations which are felt by the mind as a body of proof. Two things are evident on a moment's reflection: (1) that we shall find the *full* analysis of the proof difficult or impossible, (2) that we should not be less certain of either fact if we failed in our attempted analysis,

or more certain if we succeeded. This at least shows that the mind as a fact does pronounce with absolute confidence, being determined in its conviction by its latent consciousness of a *mass* of proof, which is not sorted or analyzed into its component parts. Yet the latent mass of proof is proof; and the conviction is *not* a merely non-rational instinct.

Another fact which is evident on consideration is that the full body of proof in each case comprises a multitude of experiences. And one of the very difficulties of analysis results from the fact that a large store of past experiences and latent considerations, — such as the constant succession of indirect verifications of the belief, which was first simply instilled by a school-room lesson or by looking at the atlas, its confirmation by various authorities, its consonance with the rest of our knowledge, the absence of anything which would be consistent with its denial, the reasons (drawn from experience) of the significance of this absence, and the rest, — so accumulates in its effect as to *act* almost like an instinct; while, from the limitations of the consciousness, as much as from defect of memory, its full rational strength can never be even represented in words. The full analysis of the proof is not simply the logical statement of its character, but in addition the full record of experiences in part forgotten. To represent its cogency we must give both an analysis of all the kinds of verification it has received, and all the instances of each class. Still in such a case a very little thought will show that the absolute confidence which is in reality due to the mass of experiences, whose character and details are mostly forgotten, does arise from motives which warrant it; although we do not expect or even care to trace them with any completeness. We can appraise the body of proof with sufficient accuracy for our purpose, by the double process of observing its spontaneous effect on our own convictions *as* a body, and very partially investigating its details. One

further point : if we ask ourselves the questions raised by Mr. Balfour as to the metaphysical problems involved in all statements as to concrete fact—if we ask, in reference to the statement "I was born," what is meant by the "I," what is involved in the belief in my body as independent of my consciousness and the like, we at once see that our certainty of the proposition has no reference to such questions. The certainty is practical and in some sense relative. Whatever answer they receive, however little we "master" the ultimate analysis of what we are saying, doubt thrown upon its meaning in no way affects the practical certainty with which the mind "embraces" the judgment that "I was born," or that "England is an island."

Had Mr. Balfour fully realized these psychological facts, we believe he would have considerably modified portions of his chapter on "The Philosophical Basis of Naturalism." We could not completely explain our meaning without an examination of his "Defence of Philosophic Doubt." And for this we have not space. But we may indicate the direction of our criticism by referring to an argument advanced in his present work. Its treatment will necessarily involve the introduction of a few pages dealing with controversies both more ancient and more technical than we could wish ; but some reference to this part of Mr. Balfour's work is necessary to explain the bearing of our remarks.

Mr. Balfour institutes an examination of the theory that our knowledge of the external world is an inference from the phenomena of sensation ; that when "I am in the act of experiencing a tree in the next field, what . . . I am really doing is inferring from the fact of my having certain feelings the existence of a cause having qualities adequate to produce them . . . The process of inference is so rapid and habitual that we are unconscious of performing it." In the course of his criticism we find a remarkable passage which brings into relief the fallacy which, as it seems to us, underlies his whole treatment of

this question. Scientific observers, he points out, have been under the impression that they were observing not their own sensations, but external objects. If our knowledge of the external world is really an inference from sensation, that impression has been an illusion. Yet but for this illusion we should never have had science.

We have not merely stumbled upon the truth in spite of error and illusion, which is odd, but because of error and illusion, which is odder. For if the scientific observers of Nature had realized from the beginning that all they were observing was their own feelings and ideas . . . they surely would never have taken the trouble to invent a Nature (i.e., an independently existing system of material things) for no other purpose than to provide a machinery by which the occurrence of feelings and ideas might be adequately accounted for. To go through so much to get so little, . . . to pile world upon world and add infinity to infinity, and all for no more important object than to find an explanation for a few fleeting impressions, say of color or resistance, would indeed have seemed to them a most superfluous labor. (P. 118.)

The whole force of this criticism appears to us to depend on an inadequate appreciation of the form of Idealism against which it is directed. Mr. Balfour has elsewhere spoken of the "extreme simplicity of the reasoning on which Idealism rests." We cannot but think that his conviction of its extreme simplicity has made him fail to enter more than partially into the psychological facts to which it appeals, — facts which none of us can afford to treat lightly, although we may differ among ourselves as to their exact interpretation. What, according to any credible form of Idealism, men of science are observing is surely not either "fleeting impressions" or their own "ideas" in the popular sense, as Mr. Balfour's argument seems to imply. It is rather that definite system revealed by past experience, which, as we know it only in terms of our sensible experience, only yields relative and not absolute truth, but which nevertheless is coherent and permanent. This system is made up of "ideas" only in the most

strictly technical sense. The effect of Mr. Balfour's phraseology depends on its implying primarily an examination by scientific explorers of their feelings in the present, and on their drawing, in the present, inferences to a cause adequate to producing them. Surely this is psychologically inexact. The inference both to the existence of a coherent system, and to its representing something external, has been, surely, the gradual and unconscious result of an accumulation of experiences in the past, — constant experiences from the first dawn of consciousness of the interaction of our own activities, muscular, sensational, locomotive, of which we are the authors, with coherent effects produced by something existing, in Berkeley's words, "independently of my mind, for I know myself not to be their author."¹ Scientific observation, though made *by means* of present sensation, is not an examination of present feelings, or made "to account for" "fleeting impressions." The present sensations are interpreted by the product of past sensible experience, which is habitually in our mind. They presuppose that product, and only bring before us aspects and instances (it may be new aspects and instances) of the coherent system which past experience has revealed to us. To this system Berkeley himself was ready to give the name "things." "In common talk," he wrote, "the objects of our senses are not termed ideas, but things. Call them so still, provided you do not attribute to them any absolute external existence." But that they discernibly represent an external existence, Berkeley was equally emphatic in asserting. It is this coherent system, habitually regarded as representing something external, and not either "feelings" or "ideas" (in the popular sense) or "fleeting impressions," which the men of science are engaged in investigating *by means* of their present sensations.²

¹ Works, edition of 1784, p. 160. Cf. also p. 202.

² Mr. Balfour shows elsewhere some appreciation (though very partial, as it seems to us) of the facts to which we refer. But it remains true that the apparent force of the passage we are criticising depends on their being forgotten.

No doubt, if we suppose a man suddenly endowed with senses for the first time, and tell him forthwith to examine his own feelings as a road to physical science, the proposal seems as absurd as Mr. Balfour intimates. He must first learn to stand and to walk, and to realize his constant relations with something which gradually becomes most coherently, though only relatively, known to him. And it is this knowledge which science proposes to extend.

These remarks hold good *mutatis mutandis*, if we maintain with modified realism that our perception of the primary qualities is immediate, or if we hold it to be an inference that such a quality as extension, as being revealed to the consciousness in sensations of different kinds, has in it an objective character. In each case the analysis of our consciousness, instead of being as Mr. Balfour says "essentially inconsistent" with our spontaneous conviction, corresponds with it as far as it goes. The analyses alike of the different schools of thought go far enough hand in hand to give at least a good indication of the premises on which their common practical conclusion rests — that there is an external reality which is known to us more or less relatively through the senses.³ And this is the spontaneous conviction of the unphilosophical mind — except that the question as to the relativity of sensible knowledge has simply not occurred to it.

This of course does not touch the metaphysical question as to the nature of the "thing in itself;" but it would as little paralyze scientific investigation to believe from its commencement that we can only know the external reality in terms of its sensible effects, — of what is revealed in sensation active and passive, — as it weakens our belief in the geographical truth that England is an island, or our interest in the fact, to have it brought home to us that (if

³ Newman does not treat exhaustively in any of his published works of the nature of the inference to an external world. But he says expressly that we know "nothing at all" of "substance or of matter." (Apologia, p. 239.)

so be) we have no knowledge of what we mean by England itself, except in terms of our sensible experience. Science, whether geographical or astronomical, is not on this hypothesis undertaken, as Mr. Balfour says, "to account for" our impressions, but to extend the knowledge, relative though it be, which has been begun by our past sensible experience in the manner already indicated. Its conclusions are exactly as relative as all sensible knowledge is.

And certainly facts do not show that Idealism has diminished the interest of its upholders in physical science. Kant's awe at the "starry heavens" was none the less that he considered space to be only a "form of thought." Berkeley's eloquent description of the planets and fixed stars,¹ and of the truths which astronomers have to tell of them, co-existed with thoroughgoing Idealism. The study of nature is not likely to seem valueless because we cannot with our present faculties know the position which our relative knowledge of it will hold in the world of reality, "beyond this bourne of time and place."

We should be inclined to say that the discovery of the relativity of physics is somewhat parallel to that of a relativity within the sphere of physical science itself. The "plain man" thinks he perceives the external world immediately, and the "plain man" thought in Galileo's time that he saw sun and planets moving. When he is first told that he has been wrong, he is thrown into confusion, and thinks you have upset some deep conviction.² He views plane astronomy as based on "error" and "illusion." But when he has fully taken in the import of the

new standpoint, he sees that the mariner can still guide his ship by pre-Copernican observations, and that the sun-dial may with advantage remain where it stands. And so, too, it is with the discovery that physical science is relative, and that we cannot now be in a position to decide what it tells us in terms of absolute truth. It does not make it uninteresting, or change our conviction that we are learning much from it; though doubtless there may be in such a discovery a certain lessening of the freshest enthusiasm, parallel to that which advancing life, with its many lessons as to our limitations, brings in so many spheres of interest.

We may apply our parable by pointing out that Mr. Balfour's *reductio ad absurdum* of the cosmo-theistic Idealist's basis for science applies word for word to the Ptolemaist's belief (in the fifteenth century) in the teaching of pre-Copernican plane astronomy. We have the "singular spectacle of a creed which is believed in practice for one set of reasons, though in theory it can only be justified by another; and which through some beneficent accident (*sic*) turns out to be true, though its origin and each subsequent stage of its gradual development is the product of error and illusion."³ Surely the truer account in both cases is that the coherence of science was due neither to a beneficent accident nor to illusion, but to the truths (relative though they were) on which the investigation was based. We may add that Mr. Balfour's failure to keep apart the questions of the accuracy of scientific conclusions and of their relative character leads him to use the word "truth" ambiguously. The conclusions may be quite accurate and yet not absolutely true.

The main difference, then, between Newman's method and Mr. Balfour's would appear to be this—that Mr. Balfour, contemplating the supposed inferential process primarily as a *present* inference to an adequate cause instead of an inference based on a com-

¹ In the second of the dialogues between Hylas and Philonous.

² We need hardly say that if Mr. Balfour merely means that primitive scientific explorers could not apprehend the consistency of Idealism with their own experience—that is to say, could not take in what Idealism meant—their rejection of it would not have been persistence in "illusion," but adherence to relative truth, the relative character of which they did not recognize, in preference to a misapprehension which would have been positive error.

³ See p. 117.

plexus of past experiences, finds it unsatisfactory and shadowy, dismisses it, and passes to a different region for the basis of our conviction; tracing our conviction to an instinct, and our justification in trusting it to the fact that it supplies a need. The line of thought indicated by Newman, on the other hand, leads us to find in the inferential process far more,¹ because it leads us to contemplate it in its true strength as a complicated record of latent reasoning from varied experiences, of reaction of the activities of which we are conscious, on something existing independently of our minds, which gives gradually a homogeneous and most definite conception of certain leading attributes of that something so far as its powers of affecting us are concerned. The process of analysis of experience, which to Mr. Balfour is more or less beside the mark, becomes, in this system, valuable although incomplete. It indicates sufficiently the ground for the fundamental postulate of science considered as relative; while, according to Mr. Balfour, it is inconsistent with the beliefs to which science owes its existence. Mr. Balfour's method seems to give no protection against the fear that an instinct which appears simply to contradict all attempts at rational analysis is purely illusive. But if, on the other hand, we are able, when we investigate the grounds of our spontaneous decision, to see that they are in large measure rational, we have at least some warrant for trusting the decision even where we cannot follow its analysis; just as the doctor concludes from his surroundings, which give him direct information on only a few critical conditions of the action of lungs and heart, that they are really as a whole performing the vital functions satisfactorily, and that they will keep at work all that complicated machinery, quite inaccessible to observation, which is involved in the continuance of human

life. The assumption is that the rational nature when healthy and normal makes for truth as the vital functions make for life, and this assumption, which is confirmed by analysis, where analysis is possible, we make in every act of reasoning. Analysis is not to be rejected as Mr. Balfour tends to reject it, because it does not attain to completeness. It may give an excellent indication as to whether the mind is on right or on wrong lines by its partial observation of the process of the living reason; and it may even point to a process being normal, while it incidentally discloses difficulties which it cannot resolve,—as the dissector may understand the working of a function as a whole, and yet its actual performance may involve an expansion of some muscle which seems absolutely impossible in scrutiny of the dead tissue.

We pass to the consideration of Mr. Balfour's treatment of Authority. He carries his attempt to maximize the extent of the non-rational causes of belief, and to minimize our obligations to the human reason, into one of the most remarkable and valuable chapters of his work, the chapter on "Authority and Reason." We cannot but think that here, too, his observation of psychological facts has been somewhat at fault. We find the same tendency to insist exclusively on one aspect of a truth, and to ignore the latent workings of the human reason. He is concerned primarily with pointing out the falsity of the popular conception (p. 201), that Reason "is a kind of Ormuzd, doing constant battle against the Ahriman of tradition and authority;" and that "its gradual triumph over the opposing powers of darkness is what we mean by progress." Mr. Balfour points out how large a share Authority has and should have in forming the convictions of the individual; how essential it is, both for his own preservation and for that of the society in which he lives, that he should accept the mass of convictions which form the basis of the action of the body politic. For the individual, he maintains, to examine for himself the exact evidence on which

¹ We do not forget that according to Newman there are cases where the mind (notably of a man of genius) traverses a path which analysis cannot sufficiently follow to justify at all.

"rests every positive enactment and every moral precept which he has been accustomed to obey," and to act on them only in proportion as he is satisfied with the result, would be fatal. "To say," he writes, "that such a community, if it acted on the opinions thus arrived at, would stand but a poor chance in the struggle for existence, is to say far too little. It could never even begin to be ; and if by a miracle it was created, it would without doubt immediately resolve itself into its constituent elements."

That this obedience (at least provisional) to established authority is of the highest importance, and that many disregard it in maintaining the supposed right and duty—the absurdity of which is not too strongly emphasized by Mr. Balfour—of each individual to make up his mind on all subjects by his own "free speculative investigation," is beyond question. It may be remarked, by the way, that this was largely recognized by the parent of the doubting philosophy which paved the way for modern Rationalism, by Descartes himself ; who advocated (in the third section of his "Discours de la Méthode") "une morale par provision," which included the duty of submission on the part of each man to the laws and customs of his country, and to the religion in which he had been brought up, and of following in practical life the most moderate and most generally received maxims.

But Mr. Balfour goes much beyond this. In the first place he is concerned with pointing out the current exaggerations as to the importance of Reason and to show the "comparative pettiness of the rôle . . . played by reasoning in human affairs." He passes—at times almost insensibly—from the place occupied by Reason in determining individual conviction, to its place in determining the convictions of the race ; from protesting against the common exaggerations of the sphere of private judgment, to protesting against exaggerations as to the scope of Reason in the corporate judgments of the community. And his occasional iden-

tification of the two leads, we cannot but think, to some inaccuracy. He states the "current theory," which he is opposing, first, as the theory that "every one" should sift the reasons for his own convictions, and in the same paragraph as the theory that "Reason only can be safely permitted to mould the convictions of mankind." Yet the *reductio ad absurdum* to which he proceeds,—of supposing every man, woman, boy, and girl as instituting an independent examination into the justification of social and ethical rules of the community—is obviously conclusive as a criticism of the one theory, inconclusive as against the other. Again, a little later, he speaks of current exaggerations of "the importance of Reason among the causes producing and maintaining the beliefs, customs, and ideals which form the groundwork of life"—a phrase which obviously suggests beliefs and customs of a nation or of mankind ; but his illustration, while extremely apt in reference to the individual, is not so in reference to the race. He gives the analogy of a boy who worked the steam-engine in its early stages, by pulling a string at stated intervals, by which operation the valve was opened which admitted the steam into the cylinder. The boy, he says, probably "greatly magnified his functions, and regarded himself as the most important, because the only rational, link in the chain of causes and effects." This illustration without doubt is analogous to the self-satisfaction of an individual who exaggerates the importance of his own Reason in carrying on the processes of daily life. But if we apply it to the share taken by human Reason in general in determining the customs which are the groundwork of life, we find that most of the very important processes which to the boy was independent of any rational exercise, was for the race the result of its own inventive reason. A word inserted into the sentence in which Mr. Balfour points the analogy would make this clear. "So do we stand," he writes, "as reasoning beings in the presence of the complex

processes, physiological and psychical, out of which are manufactured the convictions necessary to the conduct of life." Add after "psychical" the words "and rational," and it becomes clear that the argument and illustration serve to show not the small place which Reason occupies, but which the reasoning of one individual occupies in the process.

This leads us to remind ourselves that the reasoning of one generation naturally issues in conclusions which form the "groundwork" of social life for individuals in the next. And in this way a very few achievements of the individual Reason come to affect the whole race; and the successful struggle of Reason against Authority, in one generation may issue in a change in the "groundwork" of social life, which is due to Reason, although it does not necessarily affect all individuals by the medium of their own reasoning faculties. To take up Mr. Balfour's steam-engine and complete it: the passenger who in our own time enters the train with the conviction that it will carry him from London to Brighton in an hour, owes this conclusion in part at least to the reasoning of Watt and his successors. The inventors of the steam-engine reached their conclusions by the active use of Reason. On the other hand, the motley array of postboys and stage-coach drivers who, as our grandfathers have told us, used to gather together at the Feathers' Inn and drink confusion to the intruder, were obviously representatives of the established Tradition and of the Authority of customary belief. Their historic refrain, —

No boiler so large or so hot,
Can rival the speed of the Tantivy trot, —

was the voice of Tradition and of the Authority in possession, while their rivals, if they expressed their sentiments with more of scientific cogency and less of that poetic enthusiasm which is characteristic of primitive beliefs, were, relatively at least, the representatives of Reason. Here we have an instance in which in a few years the

victory of Reason over Authority introduced absolutely and universally, for every individual, true conclusions hitherto entirely unknown.

But we may look at this instance from another point of view. We may regard it, not as the opposition between Reason and Authority, but rather as the opposition between blind trust in traditional Authority and an intelligent use of scientific Authority — for Watt and his successors inherited the scientific conclusions of their predecessors.

And this brings us to the second point in Mr. Balfour's comparison between the provinces of Reason and of Authority, in which he appears to us to draw a conclusion more adverse to Reason than his own premises warrant. Confining ourselves to the question as to the respective shares of Authority and of Reason in determining *individual* belief, let us observe that at first he contemplates these two powers as causes of belief, right or wrong, and, as we have seen, bases his decision in favor of Authority greatly on the impossibility and absurdity of each individual investigating the social convictions which are the groundwork of life. But it is plain that individuals differ infinitely among themselves as to how far this surrender of their private judgment to the decisions of the community is based on Reason. In the uneducated, as in young children, the cause of belief may be simply blind submission to the influence of Authority. In the older and more educated it is far more a *rationabile obsequium*. And yet the rejection of the absurdity of private judgment (which is the central point of his argument as he first states it) is at least as characteristic of those who trust Authority, because they perceive such a course to be reasonable as of those who trust it blindly. That is to say, it is as characteristic (at least) of those for whom Authority is (in Mr. Balfour's language) a reason for belief as of those for whom it is merely a cause and not a reason. Mr. Balfour, observing that with this class of cases Reason precedes Authority as a cause

of belief, dismisses them from the list of the beliefs due to Authority. He classes them as due to reasoning from "Authorities." "Authority, as I have been using the term," he writes, "is thus converted into 'an Authority' or into 'Authorities.' It ceases to be the opposite or correlative of Reason. It can no longer be contrasted with Reason. It becomes a species of Reason." Yet a moment's consideration will show that by this statement he very seriously curtails the list of beliefs which the argument with which he had set out would assign to Authority. It is obvious that a large amount of that trust in Authority which is natural and necessary to the social life of the community, is open-eyed and reasonable. We trust to our wine-merchant to get us good wine; but in choosing one rather than another we are guided by reasons drawn perhaps from the quality of the wine which he has supplied to our friends. We trust ourselves to the care of the railway train; but if we hear of a dozen fatal accidents on one line in a single week, we shall be slow to travel by it. If then we hand over to the side of Reason and dismiss from the ranks of Authority all cases where our trust is based on reason—if with Mr. Balfour we distinguish between Authority and "Authorities," and place them in opposite scales—much less is won for Authority by the argument than would appear from the statement of the case with which Mr. Balfour had set out.

Mr. Balfour points out with subtle observation the unconscious action of Authority. When we appear to be reasoning, we are really affected by a "psychological climate," by the intellectual preconceptions of the age, by the views of an influential person, by early prejudice. Our conclusion is really determined, not by the reasoning to which we may ascribe it, but by the Authority of which we are unconscious. This is true and most important. But we think that he fails to note that Reason often acts latently as well as Authority. He speaks of turning non-rational causes of belief into

reasons by "explicitly recognizing" that the Authority causing our belief is trustworthy (p. 220); but we think he insufficiently recognizes how often it has been implicitly both reason and cause before it became a reason explicitly.

Let us take a simple instance of this. I go to my banker for guidance as to investing a sum of money. I do so, so far as I am aware, simply because my father always went to him. I have not chosen him. He suggests distributing the money through many securities. I am somewhat inattentive to details, as I habitually leave such matters entirely in his hands. I vaguely remember the names of the stocks, and that is all. Later in the day I see in the newspaper that Australian banks are in a very bad way. This calls to my mind the fact that one of my investments was a deposit in the Bank of Australasia. I at once question the wisdom of the investment, and write to my banker. Thus it becomes obvious that, however vague and shadowy, there was a basis of reason for my trust in the banker, the implicit assurance that "he knows all about such investments." The news in the paper brought the latent motive to light by throwing doubt on its consonance with fact.

It is obvious that if this explanation be true its effect is far-reaching. There is some latent reasoning process of this kind in nearly all the trusts which make up the daily habits of life. Baker, butcher, lawyer, doctor, all are trusted with some latent motive of the reason. Be it observed that there is no question here of right reason. The question at issue is whether among causes of belief, true or false, Authority, legitimate or illegitimate, or Reason, right or wrong, is the cause of the greater number. And it appears to us that if all instances where there is a trust based on reason are described as instances of reasoning from "authorities," and placed on the side of Reason rather than on that of Authority, the working out of this distinction removes the large proportion of beliefs which at

first sight are attributable to Authority back again to the side of Reason.¹

If we pursue this question further, it is not for the sake of cavilling at what, after all, is partly only a form of expression — for Mr. Balfour does not appear to contemplate latent reasoning as reasoning at all. It is rather to get at the practical difference involved in Mr. Balfour's statement of the case and our own. Some of the practical consequences of Mr. Balfour's view may be seen by considering an amusing simile in his book, whereby he illustrates the statement that the influence of Rationalism, which would at first sight seem to be a form of the influence of a process of reasoning, is often in reality for individuals the influence of Authority. Rationalism, though it began in reasoning, has come by degrees to form a "psychological climate." It often influences the individual, not in virtue of the antecedent reasoning which he has not, it may be, apprehended, but by its contagiousness as a temper of mind which has come into existence through that reasoning. Mr. Balfour suggests that, "like a schoolboy's tears over a proposition of Euclid," beliefs due to its influence may be "consequences of reasoning, but not conclusions from it."

This is very true and very important up to a certain point. Yet the fact that Rationalism is what the schoolboy's tears are not, the embodiment of a reasoning process in the race (even though an inexact one), makes a great difference even in the mode of its action on individuals. If it affects them largely as a "climate," it also affects some of them in varying degrees through their reason, as they enter into the line of thought and the historical conditions to which it was due. And thus it is that persons of philosophic minds can make some stand against the

influence of a "psychological climate," which, even if ineffectual at the time, in the long run may purge it of its exaggerations. This has come to pass in our own time in the case referred to by Mr. Balfour, of the rationalistic incredulity which so long discredited Mesmerism. And this instance is typical of many others. It really shows the connection between Mr. Balfour's two omissions. His omission to recognize fully the share taken by Reason in framing the beliefs which the individual may accept on Authority leads him to do insufficient justice to the tendency of individuals in varying degrees either to travel back along the lines of reasoning whereby their ancestors or teachers may have come to their conclusions, or to have an instinctive sense of the watchful reason and criticism of the race, which protects social customs and beliefs from going very far astray.

This holds good even in the more limited sphere of party allegiance and permanent adherence to a religious sect. However much is due to the mere influence of contiguity with others who profess the creed in question, there is generally some degree of mental assimilation of the characteristic trains of thought on which it rests, and we believe — which is passing to a further and separate question — that by reflective minds, even where no idea of independent enquiry enters, religious creeds are adhered to in virtue largely of the true elements they contain.²

² In the last section of his chapter Mr. Balfour states his position in a way which, while it comes nearer to recognizing some of the questions here raised than the earlier part, seems still to show that he does not clearly separate the province of Reason in forming individual conviction from its province in forming corporate convictions which may act on individuals as Authority. Speaking of the action of Reason in producing belief, he writes: "Of its immense indirect consequences, of the part it has played in the evolution of human affairs by the disintegration of ancient creeds, by the alteration of the external conditions of human life, by the production of . . . 'psychological climates,' we can in this connection say nothing. For these are no rational effects of the reason; the causal *nexus* by which they are bound to reason has no logical aspect." This, as we have pointed out, is partly (though not wholly) true in respect of the action of such results of reasoning on this or that

¹ It is quite true that we may allege (as Mr. Balfour says) different reasons at different times for the same conviction; but this does not surely prove that it is really due to Authority and not to Reason. It may prove — a not uncommon case with women — that we do not frankly recognize the *real* reason influencing us; but it does not *necessarily* prove that there is no reason.

While then we sympathize to the full with Mr. Balfour's exposition of the absurdity of supposing that the individual is to form or could form an independent judgment in many matters where the community supplies him the machinery of its own customs and principles ready to hand; while we recognize the force of his exposition of the large share taken by Authority, often unconsciously to ourselves, in moulding our convictions; while we agree that this is at least in many cases beneficial; while we go so far as to admit that for the majority, total emancipation from this subtle influence of Authority is utterly impossible, even in cases where it is desirable, and that even for the few it can only be partial—for there are inmost habits of the critical intellect which have been largely fashioned by Authority—we should say that this is as much as the evidence warrants; and that Mr. Balfour, if he appears to establish more, does so in virtue of the omission of distinctions which are essential. Beyond these limits his scathing attack on Reason is, if we are right in our observations, both destructive of his own methods and untrue to fact. His last words are in keeping with this undue extension of his theory. He finds our chief superiority over the brute creation "not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority." Had he said of intelligently surrendering ourselves to trustworthy Authority, we should have no quarrel with him. But as a great deal of the capacity of being influenced by Authority of which he speaks is common to ourselves and the brutes, his statement, as it stands, does not carry conviction, but it is not true if we consider the human race as a whole. And that Mr. Balfour still has in his mind the action of Reason on the race as a whole we see in the very same paragraph, where he says, "To Reason is largely due the growth of new and the sifting of old knowledge," etc., which, though quite true of the race, is not true of the individual, who in many cases simply acquiesces on authority in the sifting process carried on by competent minds.

It is well to keep Reason in its place, and to find out its limitations, and the absurdities in which it lands us if it makes excursions on its own account instead of submitting to proper guidance. But if we depreciate Reason too much, we paralyze it. Not merely philosophic scepticism, but practical inaction is reached. An uppish man of real ability is often made far more useful by a certain amount of snubbing, which teaches him the necessity of working in harmony with others and the value of self-distrust. But the point may be reached at which he becomes disheartened and useless; and so with Mr. Balfour's treatment of Reason. Teach it, if you will, its own limitations, the necessity of submission, the danger of a spurious originality; but do so in order thereby to make it more reverent, more alert, to ensure its efforts being better and more profitably directed. We believe most of our convictions to be due, not to what Mr. Balfour calls in the latter part of his chapter Authority, but to what he terms Authorities, trust in which is not absolutely blind or without a reasoning element; and we believe the highest characteristic of man, the development of which would be most helpful to him, to lie not in blind submission to Authority, but in cultivating that finer and truer estimate of the province of Reason which Mr. Balfour so eloquently vindicates in his *exposé* of the folly of private judgment, which should make it sensitively alive alike to its weakness in isolation, and to all the signs which should enable it to discern in what direction it should look for trustworthy Authority in the judgment of its fellows and of the society in which it finds itself.

Nearly eighty years ago another statesman raised the question here discussed by Mr. Balfour; but his conclusions, up to a certain point remarkably similar, involve a far fuller recognition of the rational element in the surrender to Authority. Vicomte de Bonald, the first half of whose long life was spent in the France of the eighteenth-century philosophers, and who had

witnessed alike the decay of Faith and the deification of insubordination in which their teaching culminated, published his work "Les Connaissances Morales," in 1818. Partly owing to the somewhat fanciful conclusions drawn in the latter part of the book, it is almost forgotten; but its earlier pages are very instructive. Like Mr. Balfour, he noted how small a share the individual Reason takes in the carrying on of social life. "We are guided," he wrote, "by the habits which we find established in society. We have no reason to conform our action to them but the example of others. We make no use of our Reason — of that Reason of which we are so proud." He further maintained that what we do instinctively in respect of daily habits, we ought equally to do in respect of the moral convictions on which the society rests. If the man who refuses to eat until he has analyzed for himself the whole physiological process involved, and thus assured himself that it is reliable, will die in the interval, so the society whose members postpone obedience to its ethical convictions until they have examined them critically, will perish. Further, the examination is necessarily to a large extent futile, as a man owes many of the ideas which he uses in his criticism to that very society the basis of whose structure he is criticising. His action thus becomes an irrational revolt. "He places himself by the very act," writes Bonald, "in a state of revolt against society. He assumes to himself, a single individual, the right of reforming what is general, and he aspires to dethrone the universal Reason to make his own particular Reason reign in its stead, that Reason which he owes entirely to society." And if one man has the right to do this, all have; experience shows that if each examines independently they will never agree; thus the universal application of this method — which fortunately common sense has ever prevented — would mean the absolute destruction of society.¹

¹ "Tout p rit dans la soci t , lois et m urs, pendant que l'homme d lib re s'il doit admettre

But while this view of the case marks strongly the truth which impresses Mr. Balfour that the individual Reason is a disintegrating force, M. de Bonald's conclusion is not so adverse to the importance of Reason in human affairs as that of the English statesman. "If," adds the French writer, "human Reason, the Reason of each of us, is so noble and precious a faculty, if it is the light which enlightens us and the Authority which governs us, what Authority is there more imposing, what light more brilliant than the universal Reason, the Reason of all peoples and all societies, the Reason of all times and all places." The Reason, then, of the race does much; the Reason of the individual, *if used in isolation from, or still more in opposition to, the Universal Reason*, can do little or nothing.

We now reach our third point. How and where the foregoing considerations, suggested both in our criticism of Mr. Balfour and in M. de Bonald's treatment of the subject, may help us to supplement Mr. Balfour's own remarks. In the first place, a good deal of what he says as to the small share of reason in the conduct of daily life, applies in a very different degree to the uneducated and to persons of reflective habits. In some of his observations he seems to contemplate a very extended suffrage. Living as we do in society, the intellectual insight of the thinker, like the spiritual insight of the Saint, benefits his fellows; and thus even apart from the question of social traditions, which have approved themselves by their practical success, the community is far more enlightened and its habits far more superintended by Reason than would appear from considering instances of the inertness of Reason which might be more or less true of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand. The thousandth man makes his genius or sanctity permeate the society. Thus, in considering the part played by Reason, it is necessary either very explicitly to treat of this

ou rejeter les croyances qu'il trouve  tablis . . . telle que l'existence de Dieu . . . la distinction du bien et du mal," etc. (Vol. I., p. 110.)

difference between minds, and of this mutual influence, — of the power of the Saint or the genius of awakening other minds, and drawing from them an echo which would seem beyond their spontaneous exhibition of rational insight — or to make, as Bonald does, the distinction between the Universal Reason, which includes this power, and the individual Reason. Newman lays down the groundwork for the distinction we have in our minds so far as it applies to religious subjects, in his account of Faith and Wisdom,¹ both of them distinct from rationalistic reason, Faith being the more or less instinctive trust of the many, Wisdom the property of the few reflective and spiritual minds. We conceive the ideal of the early Church to have been somewhat similar, however insufficiently it was carried out. The ancient traditions and the original Revelation were sifted and applied by the Saints and Doctors of the Church, and the results communicated as the teaching of the Church to the many, who could indeed receive it and in varying degrees enter into the collective Wisdom which determined it, but could not for themselves have ascertained it. Thus the reasonable basis of a belief would necessarily mean two distinct things: for the whole body, the premises used by the collective wisdom and sanctity of the teachers; for the individual, the grounds he has for trusting that his teachers are endowed with wisdom.

As we have said, we are speaking here of the ideal and not of its historical realization. But, as an ideal, this is at least analogous to the part played by Reason in fashioning a very large number of the secular convictions of human society; directly for the few, by the medium of Authority for the many. And we should be inclined to view it as an illustration of Mr. Balfour's own statement that there is hardly such a thing as unaided Reason for individuals.

But, again, while the simultaneous communication between unequal minds

has so much to do with the matter, there is also Bonald's other factor in the Universal Reason — the Reason "of all times." Allowing fully for the futility of a vast amount of thought in every age, there is surely, within certain limits, a lesson to be learnt from the evolution of thought. "Psychological climates," which represent the characteristic thought of different periods, do not succeed each other at random. Their very exaggerations witness to the underlying Reason at work. If scepticism succeeds credulity, if a speculative age is followed by an age which will not trust itself beyond an experience which is almost within reach of the blind, we see the human instinct for truth at work, though passion and prejudice constantly convert what should be a correction into a reaction. In spite of the see-saw of exaggerations, a distinct line of advancing truth can be traced.

And again we have, by extending our view to the workings of the human mind *semper et ubique*, a far larger field for the kind of induction which gives Mr. Balfour's own argument from human needs a proportionately greater force. The needs of the race, never ceasing to display themselves, and the religious instinct of man in history, supply a far more urgent exhibition of the need for religion than the capricious experience of the individual, or his own observations of his living fellow-creatures. Of the perversities and eccentricities characterizing many of the systems in which the religious instinct has found some expression, something shall shortly be said. But the constant display of the need, and the highest products of its satisfaction, are noteworthy. The wonderful results, in the stories of heroic devotedness and sanctity in the past, of faith in the power and aid of God, make the argument far stronger than any which most of us could derive from our own halting Faith and inconsistent lives. "Idle gleams to thee are light to me," says the holy Sage in Tennyson's poem, when the dissipated sceptic complains that his religious aspirations are "idle

¹ University Sermons, p. 276 seq.

gleams" which "come and go." That is to say, what to the sceptic was indistinguishable from what Mr. Balfour calls "a desire," was to the Sage a "need."

But this survey leads us to look back further along the lines of evolution; and in so doing we get a further presumption from analogy which strengthens the argument. Consider the gradual development of sensitiveness to the environment, which, by a series which can be traced with tolerable completeness, brings the living being first to the vaguest consciousness of what is not itself, then to more distinct relations with other beings animate and inanimate, to the increased differentiation of the senses, and soon to what is the first symptom of a sense which is destined to place the inhabitant of this small planet in immediate relations with that vast natural universe which is known to astronomers. The earthworm has, we believe, no rudiment of a special organ of vision, yet he will move in response to the light if you turn a bull's-eye lantern on him. The story of the advance from earthworm to man is a suggestive one.¹ It is a story of the gradual unfolding of the sentient organism to what is in some sense a great Reality outside it. At each stage in the advance, the germ of what is to be ultimately a means of wide knowledge is mysterious and uncertain. That very sensitiveness to light which in man gives so definite a perception of his fellow-creatures, made the starfish (in all probability) only dimly aware of the presence of some moving object intercepting the light. We could conceive at each stage the advocate of Naturalism and the ad-

vocate of what we will call relatively Transcendentalism—if we suppose powers of reflection to be coupled with sensible endowments so limited—debating within themselves as to whether these new-born feelings were really indicative of something beyond, or merely self-caused feelings consistent with primitive solipsism. We now stand above this process, which has been in great measure accomplished. We see that the relative transcendentalist was right,—that evolution was the gradual unfolding of the consciousness to external nature. But we are still conscious in ourselves of vague indications of a new insight into a higher and further Reality. The religious consciousness, which includes the sense of "need," gives at least a dim presage of further and higher knowledge, of things as much beyond our present comprehension as that which is perceived by the sight of man is beyond what is accessible to the eyes of the *Cœlenterata*. Does not the course of evolution raise at least a presumption that these new and mysterious glimpses do in fact point to a further reality? Is evolution, so long a process upwards to wider knowledge, to turn suddenly and begin a process downwards to mere delusion?

And little as can be gained on the same lines from the wayward history of man during his comparatively brief career, we have at least the rise into definiteness of the Christian ethics, which carried further and spread far wider the wonderfully deep sense which we find in the Psalms of the near presence of the living God, so distinct from the vague and distant Theism of (for instance) the Vedas, so intimate in the personal relations contemplated, and in great measure realized; and yet carried into practical and general action by the doctrine of the Incarnation to a degree which without it could never have been possible. If the survey of the early course of ages leads us to look at the religious instinct from the first as a dim sensitiveness to a new world, whose character is shadowed forth in the conscience,

¹ "In the lowest forms of animal life the whole surface is sensitive to light, and organs of vision have no doubt arisen in the first instance from limited areas being especially sensitive to light in conjunction with a deposit of pigment. Lens-like structures . . . were subsequently formed; but their function was not in the first instance to throw an image of external objects on the perceptive part of the eye, but to concentrate the light on it. From such a simple form of visual organ it is easy to pass by a series of steps to an eye capable of true vision." (F. Balfour's *Comparative Embryology*, ii. 471.)

giving doubtless, as imperfect senses give, new error as the necessary accompaniment of new knowledge (hence the superstitions and distortions which have discredited the religious instinct), surely we have here, in the later purifying and focussing of the ethical ideals, a step at least in the direction of a rational indication both of the truth that what is manifest is a new sensitiveness to a new light, and of the nature of the reality towards which the religious consciousness is advancing.

On the whole it would appear that the strength of Mr. Balfour's main position depends on his faithful adherence, in its interpretation, to the quasi-inductive method on which it is really founded. Where his observations have been patient and accurate, his conclusions are true and powerfully stated. He not only successfully disposes of the claims of Naturalism as a sufficient philosophy, and of the naturalistic account of ethics and of human reason, but he gives the individual good ground to look for what his own reason cannot lead him to by a direct path, in those great religious assumptions without which our nature remains so incomplete, and our deepest needs continue unsatisfied — a process which has some analogy (though but a partial one) to the formation of great hypotheses to explain natural facts.

But it is obvious that utterly blind and stupid guesses at Nature's methods would be quite useless in leading to true results. And so too, if Mr. Balfour's destructive criticism of the analytical processes (notably in the chapter on the "Philosophical Basis of Naturalism") are as valid as he seems to suppose, a reason so misleading, when we can observe it closely, will not seem fitted to suggest, with any prospect of accuracy, the general lineaments of a Life-philosophy.

But here we believe that Mr. Balfour's observation of the relevant facts is at fault. The reasoning processes, if patiently surveyed, do not yield such bewildering results as he supposes. If physical science is clearly understood

as sharing whatever degree of relativity sensible knowledge possesses, some of his most startling paradoxes fall; and an adequate recognition of the province of latent reasoning and its tests would still further diminish the force of his destructive criticism. Mr. Balfour's constant dilemma, "reason" or "instinct," practically identifying "reason" with complete philosophical analysis, ignores here the third ground of a rational instinct which represents a latent rational process, ascertainably such.

And as there is a rational as distinct from a blind instinct, so there is an open-eyed as distinct from a blind sense of need. And so understood, we believe Mr. Balfour is on right lines in giving us a groundwork for our acceptance of the great presupposition of theology, a Wise and Holy Author of the Universe, the satisfaction which that assumption ministers to an urgent and constant need.

The nature of the justification is at least in keeping with the character of the assumption. If the need points to a great reality, a fuller and higher embodiment and source of those ethical and rational instincts which the need represents, it is to be expected that we should not "know as we are known" by a Reason so far above our own. A dog cannot understand the *means* whereby its master does effectually convey to it his will, and secure its obedience. We have no help for it but to surrender ourselves to what are so far non-rational causes of belief, that we cannot rise to their apprehension by direct logic; and the experience of consequent harmony and growth may well be at least one principal element in the justification of our trust.

And further, once the bridge is crossed which joins us to the world of reality, according to Joubert's saying, "In poetry I should fear to go wrong if I differed from poets, in religion if I differed from the Saints," Authority, whose credentials are discerned through the rational and moral light, has great value in carrying us further. Those in whom need and satisfaction

have been deepest may well determine the line of further advance.

The justification, then, of our religious convictions solely by the satisfaction they afford to what we have called a blind sense of need, while it harmonizes with one strain in Mr. Balfour's disparagement of human reason, and with a pessimistic interpretation of his saying that "certitude is the child of custom"—a saying which naturally recalls David Hume—appears to us both inadequate and out of harmony with the general drift of his striking book. And so, too, a blind surrender to Authority is an inadequate account of the trust in Authority, the necessity and value of which, in the social and religious life, he so powerfully exhibits. We can accept his analysis and his conclusion only with the reservations we have indicated. Theism as the presupposition of Theology is accepted, as an external world is allowed as a necessary presupposition to science. In neither case can a complete logical proof be given. In both cases our intellectual (and ethical) nature points to their rational *necessity* for the completion of the scheme of human knowledge. The analysis of past experience in the one case and of the phenomena of consciousness in the other indicate a conclusion which they cannot reach. In both cases the last link of the process is outside the province of human reason, but that is (in the case of Theism) at least in harmony with the supposition that a Higher Power is acting on us, whose evidence is in our own life and growth, but whose proportion to ourselves is not such as to allow that we should hold it in the grasp of our limited faculties.

The directly practical object of Mr. Balfour's book has made it necessary to consider chiefly its main conclusion, and it has been impossible to do this briefly. We regret that the profoundest portions of a work, most suggestive throughout, and in parts very powerful, passages characterized by a philosophical comprehensiveness and wisdom which are not equally apparent in some of the destructive criticisms it contains,

have therefore fallen outside our scope. We may instance as an example the admirable treatment of "Beliefs, Formulas, and Realities."

Throughout the book we have a combination, especially suited to our own time, when the temperament of a Pascal is so general, of a deep sense of the difficulties of man's position, and of the need for light we do not possess, with an equally deep sense that a practical acquiescence in scepticism or Agnosticism would be to deny what is best in our nature. That a great reality beyond us is the source of all that is highest in us is for Mr. Balfour a central belief which no detailed defeat of the reason can shake; and it would be difficult to express better the sense with which the reader arises from the perusal of this work, of the painful and even exaggerated sensitiveness of its author to the limitations of human knowledge, to the shadowy and relative character of all we can grasp, to the darkness which shrouds the vast Truth which exists somewhere to be known, if ever the limitations of our present condition can be cast aside, than by recalling the words in which a great Christian thinker of our own time directed that his death should be described on his grave: "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

From The Fortnightly Review.

SOPHIE KOVALEVSKY.¹

La femme est toujours femme et jamais ne sera
Que femme, tant qu'entier le monde durera.
MOLIERE.

THE story of Sophie Kovalevsky is the story of a life divided against itself, of a conflict in which the comba-

¹ Souvenirs d'Enfance de Sophie Kovalevsky, écrits par elle-même, et suivis de sa biographie par Mme. A.-Ch. Leffler, Duchesse de Cajanella (Paris, Hachette et Cie.).

Vospominania Detsva, published in the *Vestnik Evropy* of July and August, 1890; translated in the same year into Swedish, under Madame Kovalevsky's direction, with the title "Ur Ryska Lifvet."

Vera Barantzova, a novel by Madame Kovalevsky, has been recently translated into English. Ward and Downey, 1895.

tants were differing sides of the same personality. It was a contest for supremacy between heart and brain, in which it is difficult to say which carried off the victory. The latter could indeed point to the brilliant successes which the world admired, but for these the former exacted payment in full measure. It is to Madame Kovalevsky's own pen that we are indebted for the interesting and charmingly told story of her childhood and early youth. These recollections, her first literary work of importance, were published in the last year of her life, and were received with a burst of admiration both in Russia and Scandinavia. Sophie Kovalevsky was born at Moscow about 1850. Her life, therefore, may be said to have run almost parallel with that important period in the history of her country which began with the Crimean war. Very curious is the series of vivid pictures she draws of a Russian upper-class household of forty years ago. The children, at this period of their lives, seem to have been permitted to catch only occasional glimpses of their parents, to whose presence they were summoned for a few minutes, previous to their departure for some social function, when they gazed admiringly at their father's orders and their mother's jewels. For the rest, they lived in their own apartment with their nurse, an ignorant peasant woman, but warmly attached to the family, and especially to little "Sonia," whom — rightly or wrongly — she believed to be less loved by her parents than either her elder sister or her little brother. Madame Kovalevsky's earliest recollections were associated with this large, low room (so low that by standing on a chair "Niania" could touch the ceiling), with its close atmosphere and its ever-present peculiar smell; itself a compound of innumerable other odors, of incense, of tallow candles, and the mixture used by "Niania" for her rheumatism. Here the three children quite literally lived — here they spent their days; here they played, and ate, and slept — they and their nurse; their number being

reinforced at night by a young servant girl, who extemporized a bed for herself by spreading "a piece of grey felt on the floor." In the morning a pleasant odor of coffee added itself to the many already existing, and "Niania," herself half clad, dispensed coffee and rolls to the children in their beds; only by and by would the time come for them to be washed and dressed.

"It must be admitted," says Madame Kovalevsky, "that much time was not spent on our toilettes. 'Niania' passed a wet towel over our faces and our hands, passed a comb once or twice through our tangled hair, put on a frock with several buttons missing, and we were ready." The necessary attention to the chamber seems to have been taken in hand by "Niania" in much the same style. "Without troubling herself about us, she would sweep the floor, raising a thick cloud of dust, throw the coverlets over our little beds, shake the mountain of pillows on her own bed, and the room was all right for the day." Anna, being some years older, escaped for a while to the French governess; but Sophie and her little brother "remained and played with their toys on the great leather-covered divan with the horse-hair protruding through its many holes." "Niania" sometimes told them stories about the "Twelve-headed Serpent," the "Black Death," and others of the same stamp; and the proceedings were often enlivened by the visits of the other servants and sundry gossips to drink tea with "Niania." The little Sophie, listening to their conversations, learned amongst other things that she herself had not been very heartily welcomed into the world. That the "Barinia" never even looked at her," both she and "Excellency" "wanted a boy so much." Neither fresh air nor regular exercise for the children seem to have entered into the ideas of "Niania." The French governess, indeed, never came to the room without holding her handkerchief to her nose, and imploring "Niania" to open the windows; but the suggestion was always received

by her with unconcealed irritation as a personal insult, and a mischievous foreign notion.

We are not surprised to learn that poor little Sophie was, in her fifth year, attacked by a serious nervous illness. Happily for her, at this juncture her father retired from active service, and withdrew with his family to his estate of Palibino, in the government of Vitebsk. At Palibino "Niania" would probably have found it more difficult to preserve her cherished methods, but her reign was destined to come to a speedy close. The general had now a good deal of time on his hands, and it occurred to him to investigate certain of the domestic arrangements, with results apparently startling to himself and others. A domestic court-martial was promptly held; the French governess was dismissed, "Niania" degraded to a lower rank—the care of the children being exchanged for that of the linen—and an English governess replaced these fallen authorities. It is with a feeling of patriotic pride that we read Madame Kovalevsky's account of the labors and the victories of our brave compatriot.

She tried hard to turn our room into an English nursery, and to make us into English girls of the approved type. The task—God knows—was not an easy one, but thanks to a remarkable perseverance, she to some extent attained her ends. . . . She introduced a wholly new element into the household. Although she had been brought up in Russia, she preserved all the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, steadiness, method, tenacity of purpose. These qualities were precisely the reverse of those which characterized the rest of the household, and they account for the strong influence she exerted amongst us.

Little Sophie, so recently in danger of becoming a nervous, sickly child, showed a marked improvement in her health under the rational system established by the admirable "Malvina Jakovlevna." She once more took a firm hold upon life, and proceeded forthwith to point out in what direction her vocation lay.

The resources of civilization were

not in those days—probably are not even in these—easily procurable in remote country houses in Russia, and for one of the children's rooms at Palibino sufficient wall-paper had not been forthcoming. It had therefore been papered with old disused printed paper, amongst which were several sheets of Ostrogradski's lectures on the differential and integral calculus; a reminiscence of General Kroukovsky's student days, and a hint, perhaps, that Sophie's great mathematical gifts had not descended to her from her father. This room possessed a strong fascination for the little seven-year-old maiden. Here she was to be found daily, her attention riveted on these walls, striving to understand something of the strange figures and stranger formulas. "I remember," says Madame Kovalevsky, "that every day I used to spend hours before these mysterious walls, struggling to understand some of the sentences, and to find the order of the sheets. By dint of long contemplation some of the formulas became fixed firmly in my memory, and even the text, though I could comprehend nothing of it at the time, left its impression on my brain."

When, several years later, her father was prevailed on to let her have some instruction in mathematics, the results were a surprise and a revelation to all concerned; not least to the little pupil herself. The mysteries of the walls now grew clear, and her progress was made by leaps and bounds. The differential calculus presented no difficulties to her, and her tutor found that she knew the formulas by heart, and arrived at solutions and explanations quite independent of his aid. There was no denying her talent; nevertheless General Kroukovsky regarded its development with distrust, and something like dismay. It was altogether out of the ordinary course of things to see a little girl devoted to the differential calculus, and was a state of matters that might become difficult to deal with. Moreover, he had difficulties enough on his hands. Already some painful experiences with his elder

daughter Anna had revealed to him that the old social order, with which he was alone familiar, was changing with a bewildering rapidity and to an alarming extent. It was the first of several hard lessons which General Kroukovsky was destined to learn. He determined, however, when Sophie was seventeen, to transport his family to St. Petersburg for the winter. Perhaps he entertained the hope that the gaieties and distractions of the capital would act as an antidote to the mischievous influences which he had been unable to exclude from his isolated home in the country. If so, any such hope proved quite illusory. At St. Petersburg the two girls found themselves in the very midst of the intellectual and political ferment of the time. Madame Edgren-Leffler relates that in later years her friend was accustomed to look back to this period of her life, and to exclaim, "Ah, that was such a happy time!" She would recall the sanguine hopes entertained by herself, in common with the circle of young enthusiasts whom she daily met, hopes of a golden age of liberty and enlightenment, which it was believed was close at hand—"so near, so sure." It was in close connection with exalted sentiments such as these that the demand was made by many of these daughters of old aristocratic families, that they should be permitted to study, to develop their powers to the utmost, in order that they might be devoted to the well-being of their beloved country.

"The fact," says Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, writing of this time, "that very few people had clear, precise ideas as to what was to be done, did not prevent, but rather tended, to increase the reform enthusiasm. All had at least one common feeling—dislike to what had previously existed. . . . All thirsted for reforming activity . . . and every Russian was to act spontaneously and zealously at the great work of national regeneration." The universities of Russia were not open to women, had, indeed, till within a few years, been under strict government surveillance,

and restrictions even as to the number of their male students; therefore these young women demanded permission to proceed to a foreign university—to Zurich or Heidelberg—there to prosecute their studies without let or hindrance.

To most parents the idea of permitting their young daughters to leave home, to travel alone, to live alone as students in a foreign university town, seemed intolerable; and the demand was peremptorily refused. The expedient to which the daughters then resorted is one of the strangest that can be imagined, and is an unmistakable symptom of the non-natural, highly strung, unwholesome moral and mental condition of the community in which it could be conceived and executed. Rather than not attain their ends, they were prepared to tamper with life's gravest realities, and with its most sacred duties and relationships. The device they adopted was to contract a fictitious marriage. The would-be student selected a young man whom she knew, or imagined to be sufficiently "modern." To him she applied, explaining that she wished to leave home, wished to study abroad, and she proposed that he should enter into a fictitious marriage with her. If he agreed, a proposal was made in due form to her parents, and if all went well, the marriage ceremony was duly performed with all the solemn ritual of the Greek Orthodox Church. This accomplished, the newly made wife was free from parental control, and could start forthwith for the university of her choice. The pseudo-husband occasionally escorted her thither, and saw her safely settled, then took up again his own occupation, leaving her to follow hers. Many of the women students of Zurich, afterwards suspected of Nihilistic tendencies, and recalled by an imperial ukase, had adopted these "tactics characteristic of the period," as Madame Edgren-Leffler calls them. It must not be assumed that these "tactics" were regarded only as a hard necessity. On the contrary, in the circle of sentimentalists and *un-realists*, who acted and

reacted upon each other in the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg, they were regarded with much favor—were indeed “popular.” To these young folks this “abstract relation” seemed much more “ideal” than “the low and vulgar union between two human beings . . . which is called a marriage of affection” and which in their vocabulary was equivalent to “selfish indulgence.” The world had heard these sentiments before and had been laughing at them for about a couple of centuries, but they appear to have been adopted with much gravity as a revelation by these young Russians.

The reader may judge whether the daughters of General Kroukovsky were likely to remain long uninfluenced by such surroundings as these. Anna seems to have become at once an uncompromising partisan of the new theories. A young friend of hers, who about this time had married the man of her choice, was positively afraid to encounter her mingled pity and contempt. Moreover she was not long in making up her mind that she must study in a foreign university, and accordingly must be “free.” Sophie greatly admired her beautiful sister, who was besides several years older than herself. She was naturally much influenced by her, and “followed her like a shadow.”

Anna, on the other hand, had a warm affection for this strange, reserved little Sophie, with the short, curly, chestnut hair, and the piercing, intelligent, dark eyes, admitted her fully into her confidence, and trusted her with her plans. For Anna—together with her intimate friend, Inez—had decided that, in order to obtain freedom, they would resort to the “popular tactics.” One of the two—fate apparently was to decide which—would contract a “fictitious” marriage. She would then be in a position to effect the deliverance of the other, and

also of Sophie, towards both of whom she would act the part of chaperon.

They immediately set to work to discover a suitable person to assist them in their undertaking. After some consideration, they fixed upon a young professor at the university, whom they did not know personally, but hoped might prove to be in sympathy with their views. Accordingly the trio set out to interview this gentleman. They were ushered into his apartment, and found him at work. Even in Russia, and at this “ideal” period, the face of the young professor betrayed his surprise at this visit from three young ladies, who were all strangers to him. He rose, however, and politely requested them to be seated. They responded to this invitation by seating themselves “all in a row on a long sofa,” and then a short pause ensued, during which the professor scanned the faces of his visitors. Anna, pulling herself together, made the plunge, and, “without the least trace of confusion,” asked whether the professor would be good enough to assist them to carry out their wish to study in Germany or Switzerland, by “fictitiously” marrying herself or Inez—Sophie was considered too young. Few professors, one would suppose, can have found themselves in a more trying situation; but this one behaved admirably, and, adopting in his turn, a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, replied, “that he had not the least desire to do anything of the kind.” The young ladies rose, shook hands with him, and took their leave. Abashed? Not at all. What could be more entirely business-like? and was anybody a penny the worse? Not if these fantastic girls had been contented with their first experiment, and had been willing to conclude the comedy when the first act had been played. Unhappily, they tempted fate a second time, when she was not in a mood to let them off so easily. Their next venture was not to be without results profoundly influencing the life of one of them. Anna and Inez, turning from professors to students, fixed on one with whom they had a slight acquaint-

¹ “Långt mer ideala än den vulgara och laga föreningen af två människor, som ej sökte något annat än kanslans och sinnenas, med andra ord egoismens tillfredsställelse, i det man kallar giftermål af kärlek.” — *Sonja Kovalevsky*.

ance, and whom they knew to be himself desirous of going to study in Germany. Vladimir Kovalevsky was a young fellow of good family, and a promising student. Anna and Inez hoped, therefore, that (whichever of them might be chosen) their respective parents might be induced to regard him with some favor. They agreed that on this occasion there should be less formality, and that the young man should not be alarmed by seeing three girls in a row on his sofa. Anna seized the opportunity of a chance meeting with him to propound her question. He replied that he should have much pleasure in assisting them to carry out their programme, with, however, one slight alteration—he preferred to marry Sophie!

Here was an unforeseen addition to their difficulties. It endangered, indeed, the success of their whole project; for it might be taken for granted that General Kroukovsky would refuse to hear a word on the subject of such a marriage for Sophie. This forecast proved to be quite correct. Palibino might have its dangers, but it was safer than St. Petersburg, and the general gave orders to prepare for their immediate return to the country. Matters, therefore, had come to a crisis, for to go back to Palibino at this juncture would put an end to hope. "It was now," says her biographer, "that the little, timid, reserved Sophie displayed the strength of will and the determination which lay at the root of her character. Once she had resolved on or willed anything, she did so with all the concentrated energy of her nature, and what she now willed was to leave home, to continue her studies," to procure the freedom of her sister and her friend (which had come to depend on her), and all this should be accomplished, cost what it might.

There was not much originality in the plan she adopted. It was the old, well-worn one of flight from home, and the forcing of her father's hand. Choosing a day when a family party was to assemble at her parents' house, she wrapped herself in a cloak, and,

unknown to any one but Anna, left the house. With a beating heart, and feeling herself to be a veritable "heroine of romance," she sped through the streets to the abode of Vladimir Kovalevsky. Anna stood watching till she disappeared from sight, and returned to her room to prepare for dinner—not, let us hope, without some misgivings as to the wisdom of the enterprise into which she had thrust her little sister. Sophie, having reached her destination, and given two or three feeble knocks at the door, was straightway ushered into Vladimir's student-room, who, rising to the situation, received the breathless girl, much "as an elder brother might have done," gave her a seat, took another himself, and patiently awaited the further development of the matter. Sophie's absence was not remarked until the assembled friends were about to seat themselves at table, when, in response to a question from her father, Anna replied that "Sophie had gone out." "Gone out! what does that mean? With whom?" "Alone. She has left a note on her toilette table." Mid death-like silence, the note was placed in the hands of the unhappy Ivan Sergeievitch. The note ran thus: "Papa, forgive me. I am at Vladimir's, and I implore you no longer to refuse your consent to our marriage."

The host, with a murmured apology to his nearest guests, hastily left the table. Shortly after, "Sonia" and her companion heard his step on the staircase, and knew that their uncomfortable *tête-à-tête* was ended. A few minutes later—ere his friends had finished dinner—he reappeared with Sophie and Vladimir. "Allow me," said he, "to introduce to you my daughter Sophie's *fiancé*." Shortly after—in October, 1868—they were married.

Such is the "dramatic" story of Madame Kovalevsky's marriage, as related by herself, long afterwards, to her friend and biographer. Is it the frigid Anglo-Saxon temperament that disposes us to assign it rather to the category of melodrama; to melodrama

of the particular school known as Transpontine? We have all the familiar characteristics, the grandiose sentiments, the "high falutin'," the ludicrous disproportion between ends and means, the somewhat cumbrous machinery, and the banal plot. It is so difficult to take the affair seriously. We may be pardoned for doubting whether any kind of "fiction" is a sound basis from which to start for the regeneration of one's country; and whether it is really worth while to play "such fantastic tricks before High Heaven" for the sake of attending lectures at any university upon earth. But the laughable side of the story is not the only one. It is also true that these young, impressionable men and women, ignorant of life and of themselves, victims of the hysterical state of the society of which they formed a part, have a very real claim upon our pity. "Oh, Sancta simplicitas!" we exclaim, as we watch them lightly trifling with life's best and highest possibilities, and treating Nature, "that most strong-minded of strong-minded ladies," with open scorn.

At any rate, for Sophie the die was cast; she had obtained "freedom," and, accordingly, after a few months, the young couple departed for Heidelberg, enrolled themselves as students at the university, and journeyed at once to England to spend the summer vacation. They obtained introductions to several celebrities—to Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and George Eliot. Some years later, Madame Kovalevsky wrote an account of this visit to England in the *Stockholm Dagblad*.

Returned to Heidelberg, they commenced their studies, Sophie taking mathematics and physics, Vladimir geology and paleontology. A Russian girl, a friend of Sophie's, who shared her enthusiasms, and who seems to have obtained her parents' permission to study with her, completed the group. The little party lived amicably, and worked industriously. Vladimir surrounded Sophie with an atmosphere of

kindly attentions, took upon himself most of the cares of the *ménage*, and did for her various things which she never showed any aptitude in doing for herself. "She never," says this student friend, "took the least trouble about her looks or her dress," and displayed much helplessness in the matter of shopping. M. Kovalevsky, therefore, undertook her commissions, and supplied her deficiencies in these respects. This division of labor told rather unfavorably on his studies, but he accepted the situation cheerfully enough. The Russian friend who had ample opportunities for forming an opinion, admired his many good qualities.

Naturally Madame Kovalevsky's unusual gifts and extremely rapid progress, drew on her the attention alike of professors and fellow-students. Her fame spread beyond the walls of the university into the little town, where the folks began to look after her as she passed to and fro, and to point her out as worthy of observation. "Sieh, sieh, das ist das Mädchen was so fleissig in die Schule geht." At the same time her simplicity and modesty won for her the good opinion of teachers and comrades. The friend who records her memories of these days was of opinion that Sophie had much to make her happy, she was so talented and successful, and united to her young husband in such a "poetic relation," loved with a wholly "ideal affection." "When I think of all this it seems to me that she had no reason to complain; to me she appeared happy in such a noble way. And yet, when in after years she looked back to and talked of her youth, she always spoke of it bitterly and with regret."

Anna and Inez at length joined the party at Heidelberg, but their arrival had a distinctly disturbing effect. To begin with, M. Kovalevsky gave up his room to the new-comers, and betook himself with his books to another lodging. The change was perhaps not altogether an unwelcome one to him; he could resume his student habits, and settle to his work with less chance of

interruption. But the arrangement could not be said to work well. On the one hand, there was Sophie paying him frequent visits, and still demanding his assistance "in every trifle;" resenting his withdrawal, his ability to get on without her, and his cheerful contentment with "a book and a glass of tea." On the other hand were the uncompromising Anna and her friend, holding very decided views as to his deportment towards Sophie, and intimating that there must be "nothing confidential or familiar about it." The situation might be "poetic," but it was very uncomfortable and distracting; moreover, this sort of thing was not "in the bond," and M. Kovalevsky decided to remove himself out of the reach of all these disturbing elements, and to complete the work for his degree in Jena, a decision which Madame Edgren-Leffler frankly admits seemed to her perfectly natural, but which, as she remarks, Sophie did not see in the same light. She was "jealous" of these studies which deprived her of his society; and in later years, when she spoke of this period of her life, her bitterest complaint was always this: "No one has ever really loved me."

After two terms spent in Heidelberg, Madame Kovalevsky, accompanied by the same faithful girl-friend, went to Berlin. The University of Berlin was not open to women, but her strong desire to carry on her studies under the direction of Professor Weierstrasse made her resolve to employ every effort to become his private pupil.

The celebrated professor, "the father of modern mathematical analysis," received her and listened to her request with unconcealed mistrust and characteristic German phlegm. He, however, consented to set her a test paper, probably as the most polite way of getting rid of her, for he took care that its difficulties should be such as would try his most advanced students. A week later he was surprised to see her reappear with the simple statement that she had solved all his questions. Still incredulous, he bade her sit down, and went

with her point by point through the paper. Great was his surprise to find every solution not only correct, but neatly put and telling. The eager little Russian girl, with her hat tossed off, and her short, curly hair tumbling over her face, flushed with pleasure at his evident wonder and approval, made at that moment a friend for life in the elderly German professor; one of the truest and best friends she ever had.

For the next four years Madame Kovalevsky worked in Berlin under the direction of Weierstrasse, and stimulated doubtless by his teaching and the consciousness of her powers, she devoted herself to work of the most severe and incessant nature—work continued all day and often far into the night, to the neglect of all considerations of health, taking no thought either for exercise, or food, or sleep. So hard was this life, that her friend has recorded how she looked back to the old days at Heidelberg as to a lost paradise.

They lived an almost isolated life, Sophie showing no interest in anything but her work. "Not," says her biographer, "that she was in the least degree a blue-stocking (*kvinnliga pedant*), but she suffered under her peculiar social position, and was conscious of being regarded with some wonder, even by the friendly members of the Weierstrasse household. Her husband paid her a visit occasionally, but she did not introduce him, and in his absence did not speak of him. She turned to her work for distraction, and was occupied in writing the important treatises which subsequently gained her the degree of doctor in philosophy at Göttingen, when she was aroused from her absorption in abstract science by the necessity of having to deal with the concrete facts of life.

The character of Anna Kroukovsky was evidently much less stable than that of her younger sister. She had very soon grown tired of study at Heidelberg, and made use of her freedom to proceed, without the consent or even the knowledge of her parents, to Paris. She had decided that it was her

vocation to be an authoress, to write novels, and to this end it was indispensable that she should "study life." She was supplied with exceptionally ample material for this study, inasmuch as she was destined to be in Paris during its siege by the Prussians, and during the horrors of the Commune. As soon as it was possible to obtain access to the city, Sophie hurried thither under the protection of her husband, to discover her sister's fate. Anna had plunged into the thick of the intrigues and conspiracies of the Commune, and had "formed a connection!" (*knutit en forbindelse*) with a young Frenchman and Communist. Unable to induce Anna to leave Paris, or to be of much service to her there, Sophie and Vladimir, after a short stay and some stirring experiences, returned to Berlin. But after the fall of the Commune, the former received an urgent letter from Anna to the effect that M. J— was in prison and condemned to death. Anna was now prepared to implore her father's forgiveness and his help in these terrible circumstances.

Suffering keenly under the fresh blow to every cherished sentiment inflicted on him by his eldest daughter, General Kroukovsky hastened to Paris. Former friendly relations with M. Thiers seem to have enabled him to snatch M. J— from the impending fusillade, and to hurry him and Anna out of France to the safe seclusion of Palibino. Such were the circumstances under which "Aniouta" returned to the shelter of her old home. A little later the family circle was completed by the arrival of Sophie and Vladimir. The former had obtained the degree of doctor from the University of Göttingen, to which by the advice of Weierstrasse, she had sent three papers, all of which he pronounced to be of great scientific value. One of these ("Zur Theorie der partiellen Differentialgleichungen," *Crelles Journal*, Bd. 80) ranks as one of the most important of her productions. Another valuable paper was entitled, "Additions avec remarques aux recherches de Laplace sur la con-

stitution des anneaux de Saturn." A third, "Sur la réduction d'une certaine classe d'intégrales abéliennes du troisième degré à des intégrales elliptiques." So admirable was the quality of her work, that the faculty of the university conferred on her the rare distinction of a degree granted in *absentia*, and without further examination.

It was a strange party that now assembled at Palibino in the long winter nights in the "Salon with the red damask furniture, whilst the samovar hissed on the tea-table, and the hungry wolves howled in the lonely park." Sophie was suffering from reaction after the severe mental strain she had endured. She was worn out, and for the time incapable of further effort; she passed her time in reading novels and playing cards. Anna's "life-studies," too, it must be admitted, had been of an exhausting nature; she asked for no more experiences of the kind, no more such violent sensations. Moreover—alas that it should have to be recorded!—she was terribly, even jealously, in love with her husband! She, the rigid Anna of the earlier years, with the lofty scorn of all such "vulgar sentiments," to this complexion had she come at last. We are told that to Sophie it was a source of much pleasure to observe the change that had taken place in her father's character. It had become much modified under the undoubtedly "severe training" to which his daughter had subjected him; so that in these days he tolerated on the one hand the revolutionary and socialistic sentiments of his Communist son-in-law, who with a "somewhat cynical expression on his face, regarded his surroundings from the depths of his red easy-chair," and on the other hand the materialistic tendencies of the scientific pair. Poor Ivan Sergeievitch! it is impossible not to feel very sorry for him, and one almost welcomes the intelligence that his education—at least in this stage of his existence—was carried no further. He died suddenly of heart disease. Probably his character was not the only thing that

was "modified" by the severity of the tasks set him. His death was the signal for the dispersion of the family. There were to be no more long winter evenings spent at Palibino.

Sophie felt her father's loss keenly. Between her mother and herself there had never from earliest childhood been any deep sympathy. Anna turned for consolation to her husband, to whom she was devoted. To Sophie, at this moment, the loneliness of her existence seemed too terrible to be longer borne. She resolved to bear it no longer, and she proposed to her husband that they should relinquish the attempt—which now seemed to her more painfully unnatural than ever—to base their life on "fiction."

A new chapter in M. Kovalevsky's life had commenced which opened hopefully, even brilliantly; but it, too, was destined to become overshadowed and to end in catastrophe. The next few years were passed by M. and Mme. Kovalevsky in St. Petersburg, where the latter found herself a centre of attraction and admiration, amid its scientific and social circles. Unhappily they were soon overtaken by serious pecuniary embarrassments brought about by the failure of rash speculations, into which M. Kovalevsky had been tempted to enter. Mere material loss appears to have had few terrors for his wife, who in this crisis stood loyally by his side, and endeavored to lighten the burden of discouragement which pressed on him as he realized that he had reduced his wife and child to poverty. (Madame Kovalevsky's only child was born in St. Petersburg in 1878). But the relations between this strange pair became once more strained, and this time it was the wife who, with tears and reproaches, fled precipitately from her home, resolved to earn a livelihood for herself and her little daughter in a foreign land. In Paris she received not long after the intelligence of her husband's death. Life had become too painful and complicated an affair for the simple-hearted and unfortunate Vladimir, who in his early youth had

been induced to commit a more fatal mistake than the rash monetary ventures of his later days, and who, in a position beset with difficulties, had, upon the whole, borne himself well.

The shock of this unlooked-for event, and the bitterness of her self-reproach, cost Sophie a long and painful nervous illness, out of which she struggled, saddened and worn, and suddenly become years older. It was well for her that work was henceforth to be not merely a distraction, or a congenial occupation, but a necessity, a means by which she was to win daily bread for herself and her child. In her moments of deep depression she was wont to turn to mathematics, and to rejoice that there existed a world "from which the 'I' was entirely excluded."

During one of the recent years spent in St. Petersburg Madame Kovalevsky had made the acquaintance of the Swedish Professor Mittag-Leffler, like herself a former pupil of Weierstrasse. He had been much impressed by her great abilities and by the extent of her scientific knowledge, and was very anxious to secure her services for the benefit of his native city. He proposed, therefore, that she should come to Stockholm, and associate herself with him in teaching as his "Docent." Madame Kovalevsky gladly accepted his offer, and came to Stockholm in the winter of the year 1883-84. The course of lectures which she delivered during this winter season were, therefore, of an unofficial and private character, but so noteworthy were they in all respects that they sufficed to establish her reputation as a teacher.

Not only did they manifest the extent and profundity of her knowledge, but they proved that she possessed, in an unusual degree, the power of imparting it to others. As a lecturer she displayed an almost unique power of interesting and stimulating her hearers, of taking possession of her audience and carrying it along with her, of infusing into it some portion of her own enthusiasm. "To those among her pupils," says M. Mittag-Leffler, "who possessed the power and the

will to follow her, she delighted to communicate the extraordinary wealth of her knowledge and the profound insight of her penetrating genius." This course of lectures gained for her the appointment to the chair of higher mathematics at the University of Stockholm. All opposition fell away before this incontestable evidence of superiority, and in July, 1884, she was appointed to the position, which she occupied until her death.

In the autumn of the same year (1884) she completed a valuable work, begun some time before, on "The Refraction of Light in a Crystalline Medium" (*Ljusets brytning i ett kristalliniskt medium*), which was at once translated into German, and was received with warm admiration by her old friend and master, Weierstrasse. In a lively letter to a friend in Berlin, dated April, 1885, she describes her life in Stockholm at this period—her three lectures a week in Swedish, her contributions to a mathematical journal, the quantity of work she had undertaken together with Professor Mittag-Leffler, and her lessons in skating and in riding (in neither of which exercises does she seem to have excelled); but she expressed at this time a strong desire to make up for her lost youth, to which she looked back with regret, as having been passed without a young girl's customary joys and pleasures.

It was, however, during the two following years (1886-88) that Madame Kovalevsky undertook the crowning scientific labor of her life. She resolved to enter the lists as a competitor for the Bordin prize, to be bestowed, in the year 1888, by the French Academy of Science for the best treatise on the following subject: "To perfect in one important point the theory of the movement of a solid body round an immovable point." The contest for this prize once entered on, the winning of it became, says her biographer, "a necessity" for her, inasmuch as all her mathematical friends knew of her determination to compete. And as if with the view of bringing into sharp

relief the marked dualism of her nature, this was the precise moment chosen by Destiny to place her face to face with a momentous crisis affecting her whole inner life; to provide each side of her twofold nature with its appropriate stimulus, and to leave the opposing tendencies to a bitter conflict. In a word, in the maturity of her womanhood, and in the full swing of her intellectual activity, Madame Kovalevsky met the man who alone had the power to awake within her a deep and passionate love.

He was a Russian, and apparently a man of worth and merit. He, on his side, was strongly attracted by his distinguished countrywoman, and asked her to become his wife. But, rightly or wrongly, she believed that his feeling for her was not the same as that with which she regarded him, that it was admiration for the scientist rather than love for her as a woman; and this she could not brook. Hers was not a nature that could content itself with half measures, least of all where the affections were concerned. She struggled "with all her soul's energy" to win from him the same love that she had bestowed on him; and she could never feel that she had succeeded. It was her nature to love exactly and tyrannically, to demand an absolute devotion; yet she was conscious that she was unable to make a corresponding sacrifice of herself, of her gifts, her work, her position. She felt it an imperious necessity to belong to herself, to be mistress of herself, of her time, of her actions; but that the man she loved should recognize these claims of genius, and, bowing to them, should withdraw his own, plunged her into the bitterness of despair.

It was under such conditions, and with her intellectual powers strained to the utmost, that she labored day and night during several months previous to the completion and sending in of her work to the French Academy. In July of the year 1888 the commission appointed to report on the Bordin prize announced that it had unanimously decided to award this prize to the Thesis

bearing the Number 2. "The author . . . of this remarkable work," says the report, "has not been content with adding a result of the highest interest to those which have been transmitted to us on this subject by Euler and Lagrange; he has made an exhaustive study of the discovery which we owe to him, in which are employed the entire resources of the modern theory of functions."

The sealed note attached to this paper was opened, and was found to contain the name of Sophie Kovalevsky. On the following 24th of December the prizes were delivered at a public meeting held for that purpose, when the president said: "Among the crowns which we are about to bestow, one of the most important and most difficult to obtain will be placed on a woman's brow. The grand prize in mathematical science will be carried off this year by Mme. Kovalevsky. Our colleagues of the Section of Geometry have recognized in this work the proofs, not only of extensive and profound learning, but also of great powers of original research."

It was announced that, in recognition of the extraordinary merits of the paper, the judges had decided to raise the amount of the prize from three thousand to five thousand francs. This was the crowning moment in the scientific career of the distinguished author of *Treatise No. 2*.

Seated in the midst of one of the most noteworthy scientific assemblies in Europe—the centre of observation, the object of unstinted admiration and congratulations—we would fain believe that there was crowded into that hour of triumph a reward, in some degree, adequate to her previous toils and sorrows. During the last days of the year 1888 and the opening ones of 1889, she was the heroine of the learned circles of Paris, and her time was passed in the midst of a veritable whirlpool of excitement. She went from *fête* to *fête*, listened to speeches in which her health was proposed and returned thanks for the compliment, received "interviewers" and visitors all day long. Her

triumph was not confined to Paris. It was hailed with pride at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Stockholm. She had won a position amid the ranks of the foremost scientists of the Continent, and, in the eyes of the world, she seemed to occupy a position as enviable as it was unique. But the world was mistaken. Before a month had passed (in January, 1889) she writes thus from Paris to M. Mittag-Leffler:—

I have just received your friendly letter. How thankful I am for your friendship. It seems to me that it is the only really good thing which life has left me. . . . From all sides I receive letters of congratulation, and, by a strange irony of fate, I was never in my life so wretched as I am now. Miserable as a dog! No! I hope for the dogs' sake that they cannot be so miserable as men, and above all as women can be. But I shall become more reasonable in time; at any rate I will try to be so. . . . I return to my rooms at night only to pace up and down. I have neither appetite nor sleep, and my nervous system is in a frightful state. Adieu. Preserve your friendship for me; I assure you I greatly need it.

A few months later she writes to Mme. Edgren-Leffler:—

I work because I must, but I neither hope nor desire anything more. You can scarcely conceive to what a degree I feel indifferent to everything.

When, in the following September, she returned to Stockholm, her friends found her much changed. Her old bright look was gone, and her eyes had lost their fire. "To outsiders she endeavored to appear cheerful; but to us who stood near her," says her friend, "the alteration was very marked. She had lost her old pleasure in society, not only for that of strangers, but also for ours. She took up her lectures as a matter of duty, but without any interest in them." It was rather to literary work, to the writing of romances, that she turned as a distraction from painful reflections. It was a welcome relief to her thus to describe her own inner history. "*Væ Victis*" was the title of the novel with which she busied herself at this period.

Few women have won so much fame, so much success; yet in this book it is the story of the "Vanquished" that she seeks to tell. She felt herself, in spite of all her triumphs, to be one of the "Vanquished," for she had failed in the "Struggle for Happiness,"¹ and her sympathy was always with them that go under, never with the fortunate.

A deep sympathy with suffering was one of her characteristic traits; not the Christian idea of compassion for suffering, but sympathy (*medlidande*) in the literal meaning of the word. She felt the sorrows of others as her own, but not with any idea of seeking to console them, rather with despair over life's misery.

In the last year of her life (1890) she entertained great hopes of being elected a member of the Academy of St. Petersburg, not only because it was the greatest honor that Russia could bestow on an eminent scientist, but because the emoluments of the position would enable her to live, and would free her from the necessity, now become intolerable to her, of continuing her work in Stockholm.

But, in truth, for her the need for work of any kind was destined soon to cease. In February, 1891, she was attacked by an illness, the gravity of which was perhaps scarcely recognized by herself or those about her, and with which her state of deep mental depression fitted her but badly to contend. It ended fatally after three or four days. In a foreign land, alone, save for the presence of the "Elizabeth Sister," who was watching her, the end came.

It was Madame Kovalevsky's often-expressed wish that the story of her life should be written by her friend. Possessed by a strong presentiment that she herself would die young, and that her friend would outlive her, she exacted from the latter a promise that she would write her biography. It is impossible to lay down the book in which Madame Edgren-Leffler has fulfilled her task, without a sense of sadness and a feeling akin to dismay. Here is victory not to be distinguished

from defeat, and success which is but another name for failure. There was never a period in Sophie Kovalevsky's intellectual career, in which her magnificent gifts and her indomitable will failed to carry her triumphantly to the goal she wished to attain; nor a period in which the friend, who stood nearest to her, failed to catch the sorrowful words: "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart."

Taking the direction of her life into her own hands, and choosing for herself one of the steepest paths to fame, she traversed it with swift and steady steps, only to find, when she had reached the summit, that at her feet there was a chasm which she could not cross, and that whilst glory was on this side happiness lay on the other; the "heart's happiness," the happiness of being loved and cherished, which was the lot of so many "ordinary women, who are the first, the best beloved in their own little circle," and it was this, not glory, that she "wanted most."

Neither Madame Kovalevsky nor her biographer seeks to deny or to ignore this truth. Both of them, we imagine, must be classed as eminent examples of the type of woman, who, with a fine sense of discrimination, describes herself as "new;" but they occupied too high an intellectual standpoint to be merely the blind partisans of a preconceived theory, or to refuse to recognize "the inexorable logic of facts." Nature, whilst endowing Sophie Kovalevsky with a masculine intellect, left her essentially, unalterably, and before all else, a woman. Here, as every page of her history abundantly proves, lay the secret of her inharmonious and sorrowful life. It is only too probable that many other women, without possessing her genius, will repeat her sad experience. Not because she is inferior to man, rather because she is in this respect his superior, is it true that, for a woman, love, not glory, is the supreme good.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

ELLIS WARREN CARTER.

¹ The title of another of her manuscripts.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

II.

WHEN we were boys we used to find that each season of the year was defined by its appropriate pursuits and duties just as clearly as if we had been farmers.

In the spring a boy's time is so occupied with bird-nesting in all its branches, such as finding the nests, climbing the trees, taking the nestlings, blowing the eggs and classifying them, that he is left little leisure for other things. In the high summer he will be occupied in pursuing—whether it be butterflies with a net, or, failing that, a cap, or the immature fledglings of the year, escaped from the nests which he has spared, and giving him reasonable hopes of a successful issue to expeditions with catapult or other missile engines. The long autumn evenings will be his opportunity for practising his taxidermy, for skinning and stuffing the birds which have lately fallen to his snares or weapons.

Surely a very special providence watches over the boy, and above all over the boy who occupies his business with bird-stuffing. In the first place, and before more subtle dangers come to be enumerated, he will of necessity have to work with a very sharp cutting tool. If one spoke of the knife, with which we skinned our birds, by that monosyllabic name we were virtuously indignant; it was a *scalpel*. Then, if a boy escaped the risk of lockjaw, or other serious results of a cut from the knife when it was clean, by how many times was his danger from incisions multiplied when that knife had become encrusted with the blood of a succession of victims, cleaned from it according to a boy's idea of cleansing? And if the operator were miraculously preserved, and survived this danger from the microbes of decomposition, there remained the yet more positive peril incurred in the handling of the poisons which must necessarily be used in curing the skins. At the first, it is true, we had to do all our curing with pepper and camphor; poisons were

strictly prohibited. Once, in a pepper famine, we tried salt as an alternative. It was to a starling's skin that we applied it; that starling's skin kept moist, as the day it was stripped, all through the summer and to the following winter, when we threw it away; if any fragment of it be yet in existence we are morally certain that it is moist still. Salt is useless. Pepper, on the other hand, if it be well rubbed in, is good for a long while; but in the end its effect wears off and the moth will corrupt the skin notwithstanding. After a month or two of the practice of taxidermy with the assistance of pepper, the vigilance of the authorities began to tire, and we began with poisons in the shape of corrosive sublimate. We do not recommend it; it is so liquid that its use is attended with inconvenience. Arsenical soap is far better for a boy; it does not spill, and if a thing can be spilled, a boy will spill it.

As good-luck would have it, our house was far larger than our needs; so when once we had settled on a scantily furnished room down a little used passage, and had made it our own by garnishing it with the skins of the birds and the peculiar flavor of taxidermy and preservatives, no one cared to dispute such an excellent title. It was left in our undisturbed possession, scarcely troubled even by a housemaid. Indeed we had so far won over the housemaid whose duty it was to keep this room in the order which is duty's ideal, that far from combating our messes she even aided and abetted them by bringing us raw meat from the kitchen for the young birds, or hard-boiled eggs to chop up for those who needed more delicate diet. This room was a perpetual joy, for here we could keep all the live creatures and dead trophies banished by Authority from our bedroom, such as the skins of the bigger birds, which boyish fingers had not scraped with sufficient care in the nooks and crannies—rather gruesome objects, in the eye of any but a boy, but which, according to his verdict “will be all right in a day or two, when

they have dried." These, tyrannical Authority, acting on a specious plea of regard for health, forbade from remaining in a bed-chamber. The same power, on a similar plea, fixed a limit to the number of live birds which were permitted to share the bed-chamber of boyhood. It was necessary that sundry of them should be consigned at nightfall, in company with the uncertain skins, to the less honorable room on the ground floor. Here, too, lived a family of white mice, in constant apprehensions at the spasmodic movements of a young thrush who, piping juvenily and fed from time to time on oatmeal, inhabited a wicker cage at their side. From a packing-case, on the floor, fronted with lathes nailed so as to leave inch-wide interstices, two young jackdaws said "Jack!" all day long and most of the night; an exclamation only to be appeased by oatmeal thrust so far down the gaping throat that there seemed a danger of the finger being lost irrecoverably. Unvaried oatmeal was the food of the nursling jackdaw, which perhaps accounts for the monotony of its note; whereas the thrush's food might from time to time, on Joe's permission (Joe was the coachman's boy), be relieved by small junks of raw meat. There is a comfort, however, about the solid merit of a jackdaw which contrasts favorably with the more pretentious manners of the young thrush. The jackdaw sits and says "Jack," and does not pretend to say anything else, consumes its simple food with gratitude, and is contented with one perch through a whole summer's day. We used to put them out in a great elm-tree by the gate of the stable-yard, and there they would sit all through the afternoon in perfect happiness. The young thrushes were always restless, dissatisfied, their tails draggly, jumping about as if they had hysterics, pining, getting caught by cats,—a perpetual thorn in a boy's flesh. There is nothing so analogous to the care of them, in the experience of later life, as coloring a meerschaum pipe. Moreover, the rearing of a songster is a constant tax on a boy's faith.

Its infantile notes give little promise, and he has to believe that this creature which constantly declines its food, which has to be tempted and cherished like a *malade imaginaire*, will reward all these cares by glorious song in the ensuing spring. But the jackdaw makes him no promises, raises no false hopes, begins on the note which will last him all his life through for expressing his gladness in living and the joy of oatmeal.

It was neither in the garden nor in the wood that we found our jackdaws. When one has left the low-lying marshy house of the moor-hen, and the lane with its crumbly wall beloved of the blue-tits, one may proceed to climb up through the alternate shades and sunshines of the wood which was our great bird-nesting preserve. The wood-argus will flit before us across the sunlit spaces, the fritillary glance over the flashing bracken, and finally we may arrive panting and perspiring at the head of the hillside. Here is a bank, with a wonderful tangle of bramble and honeysuckle over which the bees are humming and the little blue butterflies coming and going, like gems, from the field of lucerne beyond it. But when one climbs up the gap in the bank one looks forth over a scene which at once takes the eye from all the nearer objects. At two miles' distance twinkle the waves of the Bristol Channel, and the bay over which Mrs. Leigh looked so long for the coming of the good ship Rose. The cliffs on which the waves of that sea thundered were the jackdaws' home; they were two miles from our home, and every bush and every turn of the road in that two mile ramble was full of its own associations. At the angle of the lane which led from our house to the high-road a little stream creeps out on to the great thoroughfare, moist even in the driest weather. Once, in a dry spring, peeping cautiously round the corner, we had seen a little covey of house-martins settled in the oozy mud which that tiny rivulet afforded, an oasis in the midst of surrounding dryness. They were busy collecting mud for the

nests which they built beneath the eaves. We stole back, for a stone; the martins saw the quick movement of the arm, and rose as the stone came to them, but it glanced from the ground at an angle beyond the calculation of any house-martin, and, on its ricochet, caught one of the birds from beneath. It fell dead, and we rushed out in triumph to secure it, with a joy which no rocketing pheasant, cleanly killed, can bring to a grown sportsman's heart. It was so beautiful with its dark steel-blue back and snowy patch over the tail and white under parts! Then the way led on past the home of a great friend of ours who owned a single-barrelled gun, and under the shade of great elm-trees, where once, for a whole summer, we had been in the habit of seeing a chaffinch, with three or four white feathers in his tail, but had never been able to secure him. Thereafter the road led off to the left, and we were soon on high ground, whence we could see the sea sparkling on our right, and where we scarcely ever failed to put up a yellow-hammer whose habit was to go on along the hedge before us in a succession of short flights, perching continually on the top of some low bush, and sending to us his plaintive song on two notes. We could rely on him to furnish us sport in this fashion for a quarter of a mile of our road; then he would tire of our persecutions and turn back, low-flying, towards the place from which we had started him. Thence the way began to bend downwards. We had left all houses behind us, and went between steep, gorse-clad banks with little in them that made sport for us. Occasionally we would see a wren creeping so close in the thick golden-blossomed bushes as to be almost invisible; or a yellow-hammer would perch on their tops, utter his notes once, and then away whither we did not care to follow him through the prickly thicket; or a thrush would rise from grubbing at the foot of a bush and elude us in like manner. Presently we reached the lower ground where, from a little grove of small roadside elms, a red-

backed shrike would fly out and go before us, much as the yellow-hammer had done, but with longer flights and greater shyness, now and again rattling out his anger at our intrusion. The hedges here were a very high and thick tangle of brambles and wild-growing things. Somewhere among them was the shrike's nest, doubtless, but it never happened to us to find it, though we searched often and long. After this all road and hedges ceased, and we seemed to be coming to the world's end, for there were no houses nor any sign of cultivation—only, on our left, a high rising hillside of gorse, and on the right, the sea whose cliffs rose ever more steeply as we went on. At two fields' distance or so we would see rabbits sitting out on the short-nibbled grass which grew on the narrowing level stretch between the furzy hillside and the cliffs; but before we came within measurable distance of them they were gone, into the gorse or to their holes in the cliffside. But by this time we would have seen many jackdaws passing us overhead, going to or from their nests in the cliffs; the clamor of many voices, joining in the simple chorus of "Jack!" would be reaching us, and soon, peering over the edge of the cliff, we would see them coming and going like bees round a hive.

By this time, too, they would be growing aware of our approach, and the clamor would increase by way of protest, a protest which broke forth ten times more clamorous when we rolled a stone down rattling among their homes; then their cries would grow deafening. From among them a dark thing would sometimes sweep out like an arrow over the sea, as our stone went down the cliff; and at the same moment a shrill, piercing cry would come from high above our heads. The dark arrow would slant upwards towards the cry, and as the light of the sun caught it we would see it to be a hen kestrel who had darted out from her cliff-home and gone aloft to remonstrate together with her spouse, on this invasion of their domesticity.

The kestrel's nest was rather beyond our hopes. We could see it, a bigger heap of sticks than any that the jackdaws had gathered, perched on a pinnacle of cliff inaccessible equally from above or from below. The sole means of getting to it appeared to be by a rope from the top; but though we often discussed the project of lowering each other over we never put it into effect by reason of the providential absence of a suitable rope. So at the kestrels we could only look and wonder as at something beyond our best ambitions. In the mean time we found sufficient danger and delight in scrambling about the shaly cliff in search of the more accessible jackdaws' nests. One would be on a niche or platform of the cliff's face, another in the mouth of a hole which a rabbit had deserted for a more convenient dwelling. We found them in all ages and stages; youngsters almost able to fly, newly hatched nakednesses with hardly the rudiments of tails, eggs hard set and eggs newly laid. And all the while that we were taking this census of the younger population the old ones would be sweeping around us, almost brushing us with their wings and threatening, with exclamations of "Jack!" in the most menacing key, to send us hurtling down into the waters beneath. Indeed, it would have taken but a little impetus to do this, for the cliff was of slaty shillet, bound here and there by tussocks and platforms of grass or by tufts of the sea-pink. The shillet slipped from beneath our feet and gave a very insecure hold, but our nerve was perfect and the schoolboy's special providence protected us,—in which saying likely enough there is some tautology. Above, the shillet still cropped up from the yellow grass, and was the well-beloved basking place of grayling butterflies who would rest invisible on the grey lichen-grown boulders. But we recked little of them when our hands, our pockets, our caps were full of young jackdaws crying piteously "Jack!"; to which cries the parents responded with deeper notes in the same sense, pursuing us

and beating around our heads as the Furies pursued and hunted Orestes. But our hard little hearts were deaf to the pathos of the mutual cries, and delightedly we bore off the youngsters who, sooth to say, soon accepted their orphanhood and their foster parents with something like Oriental philosophy. They would sit all day on the bough of the great elm-tree on which we had put them, outside the doors of the stable yard, contented so long as they might intermittently say "Jack!" and have frequent globules of pasty oatmeal thrust down their gullets.

We have said that we never succeeded in taking the kestrels from these cliffs; but, for all that, we had more than one young kestrel as a pet, the gift of a connection by marriage of Joe's brother, who was "summat in the gaming way,"—a phrase which might mean a gambler or a game-keeper, but, in its real sense, as we have reason to believe, signified a poacher. They were wild-eyed captives, these beautiful creatures, with the richest chestnut plumage melting into the most delicate pearl-ash grey. They were not always thus. When they came to us they were little balls of grey fluff, but even then with an eye that was a thing to wonder at and a beak which cleft chasms out of our small fingers. Their demeanor alternated between passionate struggles for freedom and an air of sullen indifference, but they always in either mood showed a healthy appetite for their raw meat. We have heard that the experience of others has been more fortunate; but, so far as our knowledge of them went, we had no joy of kestrels in captivity.

Of all birds which we tried in captivity ("as pets," we used to call it, for euphony), none were so successful as members of the corvine family, as jackdaws, magpies, and that small relation of the crows, the starling. None of them ever talked, though their education was the passion of our young lives. We had been told that starlings would talk only when their tongues had been cleft by a sharp sixpence; but we

could never bring ourselves to the point of performing the operation, and moreover sixpences were rare. But the starling, though he did not talk with the tongues of men, was forever chattering, invincibly cheerful though he lived in a cage. The jackdaws did not live in a cage, yet their cheerfulness was not in proportion to their wider liberty,—the liberty of the clipped wing. They, however, we were pleased to think, did talk. True they said but the one word "Jack!" but they said it very often; there could be no mistake about their mastery of it, and we longed for the time when the years, bringing the philosophic mind, should add wisdom and variety to their tones. In youth they were a monotonous rusty black, as monotonous as their language and as their manners, for, after all, the jackdaw is deficient in social talent; his virtues are sterling and respectable, but he does not charm.

Of all pets that ever we kept, the most charming, certainly, was the magpie. It was full of varying moods and humors, truly; but none of them in the least akin to melancholy, whereas the normal disposition of the jackdaws was undoubtedly sombre. At times the magpie was as gay as the starling himself; but he did not exhibit the same unreasonable and wearisome cheerfulness. If he had been shut up in a cage which wore out his tail-feathers, he would have bitten the wicker bars to splinters. He was capable of very genuine anger, and inexhaustible in his ingenuity for mischief. His shape and movement, and the bright motley of his plumage, were a joy to the eye; he was a Cavalier to the jackdaw's Puritan. The starling was handsome enough, with the sheen of his green and purple-mottled back, but you had to come close to his cage to appreciate him. The magpie attracted you from afar, only gaining added grace on a closer view which revealed a gloss of gayer colors on what afar off had looked like black; a near view was required, too, to recognize the unspeakable spirit of mischief

which abode in his wicked grey eye. For months he was to us a pure joy,—to the gardeners a joy not altogether unmixed, for he was forever playing harlequin to their pantaloons. Like most practical jokers, he erred in going too far. One day he amused himself most excellently in uprooting a clump of geraniums just bedded out. He was quite fearless, and it did not occur to his free spirit to obliterate his three-pronged footmarks on the newly turned earth. Clipped in the wing as he was, he was always a little too fleet for the best of human pursuers. It was a strange shambling, side-long progress, aided by short flights of a few yards at a time, when his wing had not been lately pruned; but it generally served him well enough to take him to some low-branched tree, and once there no man had a chance of catching him. It needed extraordinary ingenuity to capture him for his periodical clipping, for his cunning was greater even than his agility. Altogether he had fared far better than most of our pets, and we looked on him quite as a permanent fixture and a perpetual joy, but two days after his little joke with the geraniums he was missing. We called for him and sought him high and low, in all his favorite haunts, but we never heard again the chuckling response with which he was wont to greet us. To this day his fate remains veiled in the deepest mystery, only—we make no specific charge against any one—but it is significant that his disappearance should have followed so closely on his exploit with the geraniums. After all it was but a little matter. What would they have said if we had had for a pet Charles Dickens's raven which ate up a grand piano and the greater part of the front staircase?

We never had a raven. We used to see ravens sometimes flying high above those cliffs in which we found the jackdaws' nests. We knew,—as boys do know things, of their inner consciousness or some other unimpeachable testimony (as a matter of fact we think Joe had said so)—that ravens did actually nest further along in those

cliffs, where they rose higher and more sheer from the sea. But we never went so far afield as those great precipices, and even if we had reached their feet or summits we could no more have arrived at the ravens' nests than if they had been in another planet. The few ravens we have seen in captivity behaved themselves rather after the staid manner of the jackdaws; they had none of the engaging social qualities of the magpie.

Long after we had left boyhood behind us we met the most amusing pet of our acquaintance. He too was of the corvine tribe, but he came from Australia, was called, in fact, an Australian magpie, though he looked rather more like a saddle-backed crow. We were staying in the house of his owner when he arrived. A large plate of meat was set for him on the terrace in front of the house; but he paid a dilettante attention to the victuals, occupying himself chiefly with a scrutiny of the house and his new surroundings, while on his side he was the cynosure of the eyes of all the family gazing at the new pet from the drawing-room windows. Other pets of the house were three very large black cats, great favorites, immensely spoiled, and very dignified and lazy. As we regarded the antipodean somewhat scornfully dallying with his dinner, we saw one of these solemn black monsters advancing at its usual dignified pace towards him. A cry arose from the assembled family, "Oh, Tigris will kill the magpie!" The head of the family desired to await developments. There was a painful suspense of breath, as we watched the shaggy black Persian advancing on the plate and the magpie with a steady, unhurried step. The magpie stood aside from the plate, and, with head well on one side, watched the on-coming robber. There was a world of meaning in the glance of that wicked grey eye, but it was all lost on the dignified composure of the Persian who, without deigning to look at the magpie, proceeded to sniff at the contents of the plate. The bird, motionless as a statue, waited till the black

whiskers came inquiringly over the edge of the plate; then he made one sudden hop, lunged once, with a lightning stroke of his beak, at the beautiful glossy black muzzle, and was back again in his watchful attitude so quickly that one almost felt disposed to doubt if he had ever left it. There was no doubt in the mind of the cat. That lightning stroke of the beak had much the same effect on the Persian as if a bomb had burst somewhere in its middle. It leaped with a yell five paces backward, its legs extended, every separate hair of its long fur standing off it at full length. When it reached the ground it hesitated not for one moment; no fleeting notion of vengeance crossed its mind; with head and tail depressed, in manner as unlike as possible to its dignified approach, it retreated at a good round trot to the shrubbery whence it had come. The magpie slowly relaxed its attentive aspect, and as it addressed itself once more to the plate of viands there were those among the spectators at the window who were ready to aver most solemnly that they saw it wink. The comedy was not yet finished. Before our laughter at the discomfiture of Tigris had died away, a second Persian, Darius, emerged from the shrubbery in the same stately fashion. The bird at once resumed the statuesque pose. In the same manner as before the cat advanced; the bird repeated its tactics with the same triumphant results; and within two minutes of its first advance the cat was retreating with undignified haste to recover its composure in the haven of the shrubbery. There was yet another act. The third cat came on the scene, approached the plate, met with a like reception; and he too rejoined his stricken companions in the laurels. It was evident that the cats had played the game in the spirit of those who go into a "Hoax Exhibition" at a charitable bazaar, the first comers revealing nothing to those who follow them of the nature of the entertainment which they will find within.

From this day forth, however, the

Australian magpie was headman of all the pets on the premises, and none dared interfere with him any more. His first success encouraged him to further triumphs. He used to lie in wait, screwed up in a corner, on the stone steps by which the nursemaids, with the children, descended the terrace. As they stepped past him he would dash out, with a bark like a dog (though we believe the native Australian dingo is voiceless) and, with a dab of his vicious beak on the unprotected ankles of the maids, so frighten them that they almost dropped the babies. This was his favorite pastime, until he had established so complete a reign of terror that this part at least of his occupation was gone. His crowning impudence, however, was exhibited when the regimental band of the neighboring garrison came over to play at a garden-party. The soldiers, arranged in the usual circle, were discoursing popular airs under the conduct of a glorious individual who beat time very impressively in the centre. The display of martial bravery should have been sufficient to inspire reverence in any one, most of all, as might have been thought, in a colonist. The magpie, however, utterly unimpressed, crept between the legs of the *cornet-à-piston*, and, taking a position within the circle opposite to the bandmaster, began mimicking his rather pompous gestures with so ludicrously successful a caricature that the gallant tune came to an untimely end in the uncontrollable laughter of the performers. This was his last great effort. His talent for practical joking brought him into so much disfavor that, chiefly through the petticoated influence of the nursery, he was expelled as remorselessly as any other anarchist; and his genius now finds fewer opportunities in the less congenial atmosphere of the Zoological Gardens.

From The Contemporary Review.

VIRGIL IN THE COUNTRY.

Io toglierò il poeta dalle scuole degli eruditte dalle accademie dei letterati, dalle aule dei potenti, e lo restituirò a te, o popolo di agri coltori e di lavoratori, o popolo vero d'Italia-Egli è sangue vostro e vostra anima: egli è un antico fratello, un paesano, un agricoltore, un lavoratore italico, che dalle rive del Mincio salì al Campidoglio e dal Campidoglio all'Olimpo. — G. CARDUCCI.

(Per la inaugurazione d'un monumento a Virgilio.)

To Virgil the problems of existence appeared in a less complex form than to the great Roman poet who preceded him. Like Lucretius, he was drawn to the conception of nature as a divine force, but he shaped it in his own intellectual mould. He could not think of such a force except as beneficent, and thus the tilling of the soil became to him a holy ministry, a kind of sacrament. The cultivator was the priest who gave the gift on the altar to the people. He co-operated in a divine scheme of which man, nay, and the very gods, were the inevitable instruments.

The idea that the cultivator of the soil is, in a way, acting a consecrated part, was not confined to Virgil; it is noticeable, for instance, in that beautiful essay of Cicero on old age, of which Montaigne said, "il donne l'appétit de vieillir." After declaring that nothing contributes so much to a happy old age as the management of a country estate with its well-ordered vineyards, olive groves and plantations, Cicero answers the possible objection, "What is the good of all this when you are too old to hope to see your labors fulfilled and rewarded?" in the noble words: "If any one should ask the cultivator for whom he plants, let him not hesitate to make this reply: 'For the immortal gods who, as they willed me to inherit these possessions from my forefathers, so would have me hand them on to those that shall come after.'"

To rejoice in the good things of nature, the beautiful earth, the glorious sun, the fruitful fields, was for Virgil almost an act of worship; had he been told that a preacher would arise who turned from the genial light as from a snare, he would have charged him with blasphemy. The view of the visible

world filled him with pious exultation ; but besides being a religious man, Virgil was an artist, and nature delighted him because it is such excellent art. In looking at a meadow he felt what Balzac felt when he said, " Oh ! voilà la vraie littérature ! Il n'y a jamais de faute de style dans une prairie."

Virgil's own origin (not differing much from that of Shakespeare) had a lasting effect in determining his character. He never became a thorough townsman ; even in his appearance there was said to be something countryfied. All his life he felt keenly the loss of his father's farm on the Mincio. The Civil Wars which ended with the fall of the Republic at Philippi, were the cause of the confiscations in which Virgil's property was involved. Cremona having backed Pompey, its territory was given to the soldiers who fought against him and in favor of Augustus. The Mantovano, being near at hand, had the same fate meted out to it. Scholars have not yet decided the exact locality of the poet's estate, though every villager of Pietole is ready to stake his life on Dante's accuracy in placing it in that commune. Tradition in such cases is not to be lightly set aside, but strong reasons have been advanced for thinking that the farm lay farther away from Mantua and nearer to where the Mincio leaves the Lake of Garda. This situation gives the scenery of the "Eclogues" with the gentle hills so often described in them. There is no doubt that Virgil was thinking less of Sicily than of his childhood's home when he wrote these early poems, in several of which he alludes to his own troubles under what must have been then a transparent disguise. It seems that, touched by his songs, Augustus intervened to save " all that land where the hills begin to decline and by an easy declivity to sink their ridges as far as the water and the old beeches whose tops are now broken," but that, either because it was difficult to make an exception in his favor or from some other cause, the imperial benevolence was

speedily revoked. He describes the neighbors bewailing the loss of him : " Who would now be their poet ? " The farm hands know snatches of his verses, just as Verdi's peasants at Busseto sing his airs as they follow the plough.

If Virgil ever did hear any of his lines repeated by peasant folk, one may be sure that he was better pleased by it than by many a loftier sign of popularity. He evidently listened with pleasure to folk-songs ; he would never have spoken with scorn, like the old poet Ennius, of " the songs of fauns and bards of ancient times." He makes the long-haired bard Topas sing of the sun and moon, rain and lightning, the seasons, man, and cattle, at the banquet of Dido. He notices the wife singing over her household tasks and the shepherd youths whose high voices send a thrill of passion through the summer nights. Any one who is familiar with the Italian folk-songs of to-day must fancy that he catches in the exquisite songs of Damon and Alphesibœus something more than the popular spirit — almost the words, here and there, of folk-poets of long ago.

Virgil observed, and remembered, and even when he is most conventional there is an undercurrent of truth, of experience. In the first place, his enjoyment is so sincere that even an artificial setting could not make the substance of his picture false. He actually thought that a town mansion crammed with *bric-à-brac* bought or looted (which made a Roman house of that period almost as impossible to turn round in as an English house of this) was a less agreeable place to live in than a plain farm interior, surrounded by the luxury of the countryside.

Who was ever dull in the country that had eyes and ears — if there were nothing but the birds, who could be dull ? Virgil knew them well ; he watched the winged legions as they hastened to the woods at dusk ; he took attentive note of the larks and the kingfishers, the chattering swallows skimming over the pools before rain,

the wood-pigeon cooing itself hoarse, and the sweeter turtle-dove in its airy elm. He has been blamed for making the nightingale bemoan her lost young which the cruel ploughman had taken unfledged from the nest ; because, it is objected, the nightingale does not sing after the eggs are hatched ; but if the objector would take the train to Mantua in June he would hear nightingales singing so loud in the woods through which the railway passes as it nears the morass, that they drown the noise of the engine. Climate and environment have much influence on birds' singing. Italians say that the robin is not a singing-bird, and I have certainly never heard it sing in Italy. Nightingales stop singing sooner in northern than in southern climes, and the English critic, though right as to his own birds, was wrong as to Virgil's ; a point worth mentioning, trifling as it seems, for the reason that it shows how difficult it is to decide offhand upon the reality or unreality of the whole class of *Bucolics* unless you know the country which inspired them. A more grounded reproach against this particular passage would be that it is not mourning which makes the nightingale pour out his passionate soul in song ; it is hope, desire, pain, perhaps — not regret. But the error belongs to the legend-weaver, to the child-man to whom all the songs of birds sounded sad ; who, in Slavonic lands, interpreted even the cuckoo's cry to mean a dirge.

Virgil has one bird-picture which now, at least, is more English than Italian : that of the rooks bustling among the branches of the tall trees and cawing joyfully because the rain is over, happy in their nests and little ones. The rookery remains in England with certain other free, wild things intermixed closely with cultivation that give a sense of the unexpected to the English wold for which in Italy one has to go to the pathless Maremma or the bare, mysterious deserts of the south. It is surprising, by the by, not how many, but how few, suggestions of a wilder nature can be

found in Virgil's rural poetry. The land under cultivation (according to some calculations a larger area than at present) must have exhibited the same signs of orderly arrangement, of minute utilization of the smallest spaces, that a well-cared-for Italian estate exhibits to-day. Probably it was in the north of Italy, then as now, that farming was most scientifically practised ; we know that the chief irrigatory canals date from Roman times. As Virgil's landscape is north Italian with the background which we feel even when we do not see it, of the "aerial Alps," so his peasant is essentially a north Italian *contadino*. Let us inquire what kind of life he led.

The luxuries which the Virgilian husbandman allows himself in the way of food are fruit, chestnuts, and pressed curd, the modern *mascherpone*. A salad or a drink made with pounded garlic and thyme refreshes him after mowing the sweet hay through the precious hours when the morning star shines in the sunrise. At noon he sleeps under a tree while the herds low not far off. When the smoke rises from the village and the shadows lengthen on the hills, he returns to the house where the girls are carding wool and the wife is boiling down sweet wine which makes an excellent drink. She finds time to ply the shuttle, between her other occupations, singing as she weaves to make the toil less tedious. There is always indoor work for women to do where they spin the clothes of the family ; only when the indestructible frieze made from the peasants' own fleeces is replaced by shoddy cotton, are women set to do men's work out of doors. That never-ending spinning was a bond of union, too, between all classes ; "quando Berta filava," say the Italian peasants remembering the queen who spun. I have seen a coat made from what was possibly the last piece of cloth spun by noble Italian hands ; it came to Lombardy in the middle of this century, a gift from a Sardinian countess.

When Virgil's husbandman takes his evening rest, his sweet children come

round him, the girls modest and fair to see, the boys willing to work, not spendthrift, observant of religion, reverent towards age. He himself is a careful observer of feast-days, on them he abstains from all hard labor, only doing such light tasks as can offend no god; raising a fence, snaring birds, washing sheep, or driving the ass to the town with a load of apples, and bringing back some needful tools. Winter is his long rest-time; then he invites and accepts invitations to little-costing gaieties. Yet in winter there are numberless small things to be done: storing olives, acorns, and bay-berries—those that have been picked, for some always fall on the ground, and under every old bay-tree there is a little forest of young ones; a true detail. (What, one would like to know, were bay-berries used for then? Now they are made to yield a strong poison). Hunting hares and netting roebuck are other winter employments, and if the peasant wants amusement he goes to watch the herdsmen in their wrestling matches. He has also the most charming of toys—a bit of garden, half kitchen-garden, half flower-bed. It is the *orto* of the modern peasant, with its sage and rosemary, its lettuces and leeks, its purple iris (*Spade di Sant' Antonio*) and virgin lilies.

A peasant who is old and past hard work may even devote himself wholly to a garden. Thus did the aged Corycian peasant turn a few poor, abandoned acres that had been thought good for nothing into the sweetest place in the world. Around he set a fence of thorns, inside he sowed a few vegetables, and planted simple flowers. At night he could set something on his table, a salad, a few onions, two or three pears, and he felt possessed of the riches of kings. His roses, sweet as Pæstum's, were before any one else's; his fruit was the earliest to ripen. And how well his bees flourished; what a rich store of frothing honey they furnished! Happy old man!

The husbandman had nature always

with him; he lived with her beauty, and to live with the beauty of nature was worth all the fine houses with doorposts set with tortoise-shell and cornices inlaid with gold—so Virgil thought. Yet the farmer's son knew too much of agriculture to imagine that all was bliss in Arcadia. In the first place, there was insecurity of tenure with a vengeance. You might lose your land by sheer confiscation, as Virgil himself had done; or you might be shipped off bodily to the torrid sands of the contemporary Massowah, or, just as bad, to Britain, "totally separated from the rest of the world." In that case, even if your homestead was not sequestered before you left, ten to one, if you ever chance to come back, you will find some brutal soldier in possession of the fields you tilled with so much love. A strange man meets you with the words, "These are mine; get you gone, old tenants!" The present of kids which Mæris sends the new master will neither soften his heart nor will it carry with it the bad luck which the sender would very gladly convey with it. Of human redress there is none, and Virgil does not propose recourse to the Black Art. He kept the charms, of which he had an extensive knowledge, for the service of lovers, who in the Roman provinces and in Tuscany weave the self-same incantations in A.D. 1895. Even the were-wolves spoken of by the poet have their descendants in the *Canis quasti* which frighten children who go out after dark in Umbria. Virgil was interested in charms because he had the soul of a folk-lorist, but though he believed firmly in dreams and omens, it may be doubted if he took witchcraft very seriously. He would have been the first to be surprised at finding himself converted into a wizard in the Middle Ages.

Even if left, by a wonder, in peaceful possession of his farm, Virgil's farmer has still his full share of cares and ills. He suffers from dishonest farm-servants; from the hireling who neglects the flock because he is a hireling, and who robs the lambs of the milk which should be theirs. Then he

is worried by cranes and wild geese, and noxious weeds, thistles, and wild oats, by mildew, wolves, mice, moles, weevils, and harvesting ants, which "fearful of an indigent old age" take a toll upon his store. Also he thinks that he loses somehow by toads, in which he is mistaken. Furthermore, drought affects his crops, and if not drought, then thunderstorms bringing the horrid hail which rattles and dances on the roof, and ill can the vine-leaves protect the grapes against it. A tremendous wind blows up, tearing the corn from the ground, and whirling it in the air; rain follows, a solid black bank of water which, when it bursts, washes away the crops and blots out in a few minutes the patient toil of the year. Virgil must have seen that sight often in northern Italy, where the cold air from the Alps meets the hot exhalations from the Po, in one spot or another, with fearful consequences, on almost every summer day. No one can tell what it is who has not seen it; once, on the evening of such a storm, all our peasants at Rovato were eating small birds, sixty of which had been found killed. Another time, I went to Roccafranca, the day after a *temporale* which will be remembered for years; the factor and his wife described to me how they had watched the crashing downfall of hail, consisting of large pieces of jagged ice, for ten minutes; not more. Then it ceased, the thunder grew faint, and they went out to see acres on acres of hay ready for the scythe ironed as flat as though a steam roller had passed over it, while the swelling wheat ears, severed with a certain neatness from their stalks, were scattered in all directions. "We cried," they said. It was not their loss, it was ours; but they had witnessed the patient human labor bestowed upon these fields where there would be no harvest, and the tragedy of the thing struck them more keenly than it did me. "And the nightingales?" I asked; for a pair of nightingales nest every year close to the house, arriving on the same day in March. The nightingales, I was told,

had sung all the night as if nothing had happened; the dense foliage of the magnolias must have shielded them.

In the south of Italy such storms rarely occur; Virgil's experience of them doubtless dated from his Mantuan farming days, as he seems to suggest by the personal note which he brings into the description.

There is much in the "Georgics" about the intelligent care needed in cultivating the vines, though the vine-dresser of those days had not to be constantly abroad with his sulphur-sprinkler and with the host of chemical messes on which his successor depends in striving with diseases then undreamt of. Nor do the olives appear to have been subject to the decay (though it is an old disease) which necessitates lopping and excision, leaving the tree saved but maimed. The ground round the trunks was broken up by the plough, but the practice came in later of enriching it with rags, unfragrant bales of which, of Oriental origin, disturb the nerves of the sanitary reformer in his holiday on the Riviera. What Lucretius so plainly foretold has come to pass: the virgin soil yielded abundantly if only scratched, but every generation has a heavier toil in supplying that which has been taken away.

If the plants of the earth were healthier and more vigorous in Virgil's time than they are now, no modern cattle-blight was ever more destructive than the very horrible rinderpest or influenza recorded in the third "Georgic." Some commentators have thought that Virgil introduced this episode because Lucretius had made similar use of the plague of Athens. It can hardly be doubted, however, that it was based on the tradition or recollection of a real fact. The disease took the form of a mysterious malarious epidemic, coming with unseasonably warm weather, and affecting even the fishes, as influenza in the first year of its appearance affected the trout and *carpioni* of the Lake of Garda. There is one touch in the narrative of which every one has felt the pathos though not every one has recognized the truth — I mean the

reference to the ox that mourns for its yoke-fellow and loses spirit and pines away. Our *bifolco* bears out Virgil's correctness. Nor is it strange, if we come to think of it; the effect of sorrow or even of dulness on animals as on savages, *when they feel it*, is far more fatal than it is on civilized man. The many stories of dogs and birds that died of grief may well be true, as most people can recall some instance to the point. I knew a parrot which hopped into the room where its master lay dead (he was an old French physician); after looking at him for some time, it hopped back again to its perch, refused food, and in three days was dead. Self starvation is not always necessary; the Maories die when they determine that they have lived long enough, even if forced to eat. There is probably a psychological state of passive abandonment which kills very soon, but it is hardly ever reached by man when he ceases to be primitive, except when his vitality is lowered by illness and he "gives himself up for lost" — the results of which every doctor knows.

Apart from that great epidemic, it would appear that animals were as liable to suffer then as now; life had even, says the poet, entailed our misfortunes on the bees, of which he gives a deplorable account in their sick condition. The "Georgics" is one of the most faultless of poems; but perhaps a reader here and there has privately regretted that so much stress is laid upon the details of these animal plagues. But Virgil was resolved not to soften any of the lines of his picture, not to "retouch" the photograph; it was a matter of conscience with him to be sincere. In spite of drawbacks, he deliberately held that the proprietor of a moderate-sized estate (he objected to a large acreage) was a person greatly to be envied. "Happy the husbandman if he only knew it!" Life is best judged by its compensations, and of compensations, both on the lower and the higher plane, the agriculturist has more than the followers of other callings. His work is its own reward.

If Hesiod's cry was "Work, work, work," Virgil added, "Yes, and in that work you will find the best return that human existence can give." The "Georgics" is a hymn to labor. If rightly read, we see in it also a hymn to patriotism. The old connection between the love of the land and the love of *our* land which is so near the root of the matter, and which yet is so far from the thoughts of the town-bred or nomadic politicians who are inclined to claim a monopoly of the patriotism of the nineteenth century, was to Virgil an absolutely real fact. Man in his simplicity gets to love the familiar features of the landscape round him as he loves the familiar faces which he saw when he was a child. Then steps in the reflection, "Here my fathers died, and here my children will live when I am dead;" and to this, again, is added, if he have even the smallest piece of ground which he calls his own, the immeasurably strong instinct shared by all creatures, to defend their own nest, their own lair, against all comers. This is the beginning of patriotism, and though it may be called narrow or selfish, it was as good a thing for a man to think of his country thus as to think of her as a scantily dressed female figure on a monument. Virgil himself combined the pride of empire in its loftiest sense with the strong primitive love of his birth-land which he had inherited from his yeoman forefathers. The inspired *Vates* of the Roman race, he was yet an Italian first; he was indeed the first poet of an United Italy.

"Rich in crops and rich in heroes," so he described his country, and he was contented to sing of crops and of heroes. He was quite as serious about the first as about the last, quite as sure of the majesty of the argument. He called the husbandman the prop of the State. The story that he wrote the "Georgics" at the request of Mæcenas with the fixed purpose of attaching retired soldiers to the land awarded to them is not likely to be true; but the appearance of the work was much more than a mere literary event. Its suc-

cess was immediate and immense. Augustus had it read to him four times running. Though Hesiod was venerated by all generations of Greeks, it is not possible to imagine him writing his "Book of Days" in the age of Pericles. That he was archaic was one reason why they admired him. It pleased them to picture their remote ancestors being instructed by the rude old poet in

Ploughing and sowing and rural affairs,
Rural economy, rural astronomy,
Homely morality, labor and thrift.

But their affection for these excellent things became, little by little, somewhat platonic. While the æsthetic aspects of a country life always appealed to the Greeks they were not wrought (if we except Xenophon) to much enthusiasm by its practical duties. On the other hand, Virgil found an audience not only ready to admire his work as a great poem, but also to take a lively interest in it as a farm manual. Nor has this engrained Italian interest in agricultural operations ever died out. There is, for instance, a month in the year when the most highly educated Italians in Lombardy think by day and dream by night of silkworms. Some years ago I called in June on the *doyen* of Italian literature, Cesare Cantù. The delightful old man greeted me with his charming cordiality, and began to show me the books which lined his pleasant apartment in the Via Morigi (Milan), but before long came the inevitable question, "E come vanno i bachi?" and literary conversation had to retreat from the field. More recently I was at Athens at the same season. I had been conversing with the Italian minister about the Acropolis Museum, Eleusis, Marathon, when he exclaimed with a look of ecstatic pride, "Come and see my cocoons!" The "ruling passion" had induced him to educate (as the Italian phrase is) a quantity of silkworms in the centre of Athens, and there were the cocoons, the finest I ever saw, neatly arranged on tables in the lower quarters of the Italian Legation. It was among people who had

this sort of unsentimental taste in country concerns that "Il cantor dei bucolici carmi" found an appreciation, not only fervid, but also intelligent and sympathetically critical.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

From Nature.

AUSTRALIA OF LONG AGO.

THE physical conditions of the country during the period of the Diprotodon, Nototherium, and associated fauna, differed materially from that which now subsists, for the structure of the larger quadrupeds would render them incapable of obtaining a subsistence from the short herbage now existing in the same localities, and it is evident that their food was of a large succulent growth, such as is found only in moist climates and marshy land or lake margins. This view is also supported by the fact that on the Darling Downs and Peak Downs the associated fossils included crocodile and turtle, so that what are now open, grassy plains must have been lakes or swamps, into which the streams from the adjacent basaltic hills flowed, and, gradually filling the hollows with detritus, formed level plains. That this gradual filling up of lakes actually occurred is shown by the beds of drift which are found in sinking wells and in sections exposed by erosion of water-courses; but in all these instances there is evidence that the ancient rainfall was excessive, as even our present wettest seasons are inadequate to the removal of the quantities of drift which have been the result of a single flood in the ancient period. On the ridges around the lakes there existed a forest growth, as many species of opossum have left their bones as evidence; but the timber evidently differed from the present scanty growth of eucalypti. Whether the same abundant rainfall extended far into the western interior is uncertain, but the rivers evidently maintained a luxuriant vegetation adapted to the sustenance of these gigantic animals, as the discovery of a nearly

complete skeleton of *Diprotodon* on the shore of Lake Mulligan, in South Australia, shows that these animals lived in this locality, as it is not probable that their bodies could have floated down the Great River which drained the interior of the continent through Lake Eyre.

It is evident that the climate gradually became dryer, that the rivers nearly ceased their flow, and the lakes and marshes became dry land, while the vegetation was reduced to short grasses that no longer sufficed for the subsistence of the huge *Diprotodon* and gigantic kangaroo, though some of the smaller may still survive to keep company with the dingo, who, while he left the impressions of his teeth in the bones of the *Diprotodon*, has shown a greater facility for adapting himself to altered conditions. It was in these days that some of the rivers flowing direct to the coast cut through the sandstones into the softer shales beneath, and by their erosion formed considerable valleys bounded by rocky cliffs, and when the land was subsequently depressed the sea flowed in and formed inlets, of which Sydney Harbor and the entrance to the Hawkes-

bury River on the east coast, Port Darwin and Cambridge Gulf on the north-west, and the Pallinup River on the south-west of the continent may be cited as examples. Thus Australia, after its first appearance in the form of a group of small islands on the east, and a larger island on the west, was raised at the close of the Palæozoic period into a continent of at least double its present area, including Papua, and with a mountain range of great altitude. In the Mesozoic times, after a grand growth of vegetation which formed its coal beds, it was destined to be almost entirely submerged in the Cretaceous sea, but was again resuscitated in the Tertiary period with the geographical form it now presents. Thus its climate at the time of this last elevation maintained a magnificent system of rivers, which drained the interior into Spencer's Gulf, but the gradual decrease in rainfall has dried up these watercourses, and their channels have been nearly obliterated, and the country changed from one of great fertility to a comparatively desert interior which can only be partially reclaimed by the deep boring of artesian wells.

METROPOLITAN OPEN SPACES. — The places opened during a year for the health and recreation of the people make a long list. Most of them are old churchyards and burial-grounds, which form safe and useful recreation-grounds for their neighborhoods, especially for the young. In not a few there are historical memorials, which are in most cases preserved. Two of the latest spaces opened for public use are Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the ground in Tottenham Court Road near the Tabernacle where Whitfield's preaching was once famous, and whose name consecrates the ground, opened with so much ceremony by Sir John Hutton when chairman of the last County Council. The Tabernacle site is redolent of evangelistic memories, from the days of Toplady and Whitfield to the middle of our century. The Lincoln's Inn

Field enclosure was famous in the history of London, and appears in many records formerly as a place of waste and disorder till, for the peace and safety of the neighborhood, it was enclosed and railed in. For some years the place has been occasionally opened during vacation times at the Law Courts, but is now thrown open for all in every season. The provision of regular park-keepers is necessary for peace and order. One memorable incident connected with Lincoln's Inn Fields in the old time is that Lord William Russell, the patriot, was executed there by the express order of King James II., that his execution might be seen from his house in Bloomsbury — a strange illustration of the changes in London during two centuries since that time.

Leisure Hour.

